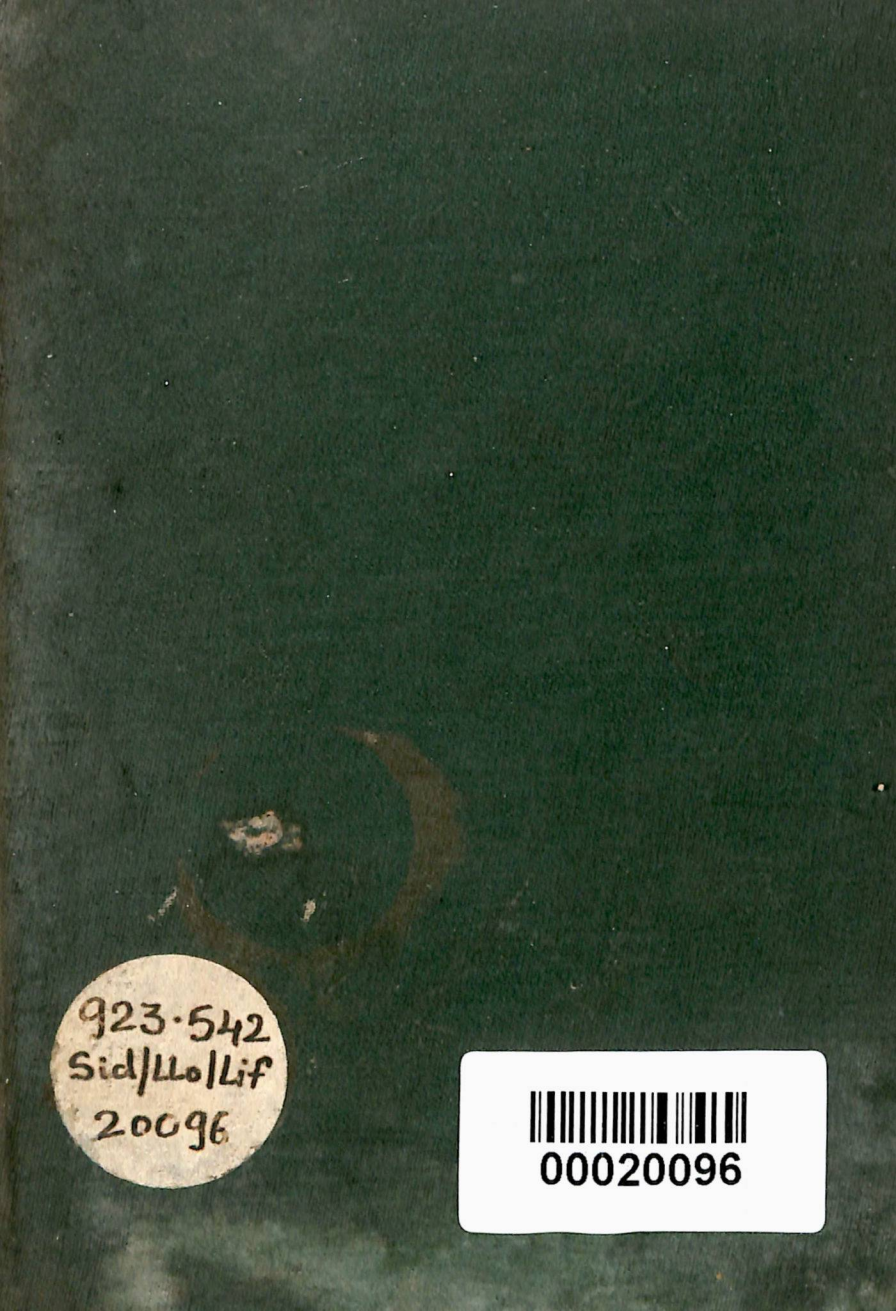
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LIFE OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

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PREFACE.

SHORT Memoirs of Sir Philip Sidney are numerous; but his admirable character, no leſs than his great fame, demands a fuller account of his life. This was undertaken by Southey in 1804, as appears from his Diary. Unhappily, Southey never completed his biography. In 1808, Dr. Zouch publiſhed, in a quarto volume, a maſs of intereſting particulars about Sidney. As a memoir, however, Zouch's book is by no means ſatisfactory; and ſince it was written, much light has been thrown on the times of Elizabeth. The letters edited by Wright, Ellis, Murdin, Bruce, Gray, and Pears have been of eſſential ſervice in

the compoſition of the preſent work. Mr. Motley's Hiſtory of the Netherlands is not only valuable for its learned and pictureſque expoſition of European politics, but alſo contains ſome curious notices of Sidney from unpubliſhed ſources. In addition to theſe, I have found ſeveral new facts by conſulting the MSS. preſerved at the State Paper Office, with the courteous aſſiſtance which is given to ſtudents there.

Where it has appeared to be requiſite, I have cited authorities. But the following books have been ſo conſtantly in my hands, that it would be ſuperfluous to have referred to them in ordinary caſes:—The Life of the renowned Sir Philip Sidney, by Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke (edition of 1652). The Sidney Papers, edited, with Memoirs, by Arthur Collins, 2 vols. 1746. Sir P. Sidney's Miſcellaneous Works, edited, with a Life, by Wm. Gray. Oxford, 1829. Sidney's Correſpondence with Languet, tranſlated and edited by Steuart A. Pears, D.D. Lond. 1845. Dr. Pears has added an excellent biographical preface.

Several portraits of Sidney are in the poſſeſſion of Lord De L'Iſle at Penſhurſt. Among the pictures at Warwick Caſtle is a beautiful head of Sidney, which was the property of the firſt Lord Brooke. The Woburn picture is well known from the engraving in Lodge and Harding's collection. Other portraits are enumerated by correſpondents of "Notes and Queries," March 12, 1859, and Oct. 20, 1860. The engraving prefixed to Zouch's Memoirs is altogether a blunder. It is probably neither a likeneſs of Sidney, nor a picture by Velaſquez, who was born after Sidney's death.

During the progreſs of this volume through the preſs, its publication has been anticipated by that of a copious Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney by Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne. The greater part of the following pages were printed before I ſaw Mr. Bourne's work. In the laſt three chapters it has aſſiſted me to avoid ſome inaccuracies, and ſupplied a few additions, which are printed in the notes. I am indebted to him for the name of William Wentworth, Burleigh's ſon-in-law, referred

to (p. 138) in a letter of Sidney's, which, as I ſhould have ſtated, is taken from Murdin's Burghley Papers, together with thoſe in pp. 135 and 137.

It appears (Bourne, p. 27) that Sidney went to Oxford in his fourteenth year, a year earlier than I have ſtated on Dr. Zouch's authority. I have been able to prove, from the MS. correſpondence of the French Ambaſſador, the correctneſs of Mr. Bourne's ſurmiſe that Sidney's miſſion to Paris in 1584 was not carried out, and alſo to give the reaſons why it was revoked: ſee p. 155.

The dates at which Sidney's works were compoſed are far more uncertain than would appear from Mr. Bourne's Memoir. In placing them I have partly relied on internal evidence, partly on the opinions of Sidney's editors. The early date 1580, aſſigned to the "Defence of Poeſy," may be ſuſtained by ſeveral arguments; the youthful vivacity of the ſtyle, the ſlight, almoſt apologetic, commendation of Spenſer; but more particularly, the appearance, in 1579, of the attack on poetry

by Goſſon, of which Sidney refuſed the dedication: ſee p. 65.

Since I have read Mr. Bourne's account of "Aſtrophel and Stella," I ſee more than ever how arbitrary and inſecure is the critical proceſs of educing facts from the ſcattered verſes of a deceaſed poet, eſpecially when printed, as theſe were, without ſo much as a friendly editor to arrange them. Mr. Collier has ſhown, in his Life of Spenſer, lately publiſhed, that "Aſtrophel and Stella" was printed ſurreptitiouſly by Thomas Naſh, in 1591. The concluſions which I have drawn from Sidney's Poems are ſubmitted with diffidence and, as far as poſſible, ſuſtained by direct proofs. Mr. Bourne has fallen into a ſerious error as to the date of Lady Penelope Devereux's marriage. The letter on which he relies (p. 286), in correction of the common date 1581, proves his own miſtake. I find, by reference to the MS. (Brit. Mus. Lanſdowne MS. xxxi. 40), that he has not taken his uſual care to

rectify the year according to the modern calendar, the letter being written on the 10th of March. This error is the more grave that Mr. Bourne's eſtimate of Sidney's moral character depends upon it. Here and there Mr. Bourne has allowed himſelf too great a freedom of paraphraſe. For inſtance (pp. 144, 145), he has put an oration into Sidney's mouth without any ſufficient authority. The words are baſed on Lord Brooke's, who gives the ſubſtance of Sidney's arguments, not to the Emperor, but to the leſſer German Princes, as is evident from an alluſion to Auſtrian ſupremacy (Brooke, p. 50). Again (p. 343), it is too much to aſſert that Sidney "determined to retain only ſuch parts of" the Arcadia, "as would fit into a ſtrictly hiſtorical romance, with King Arthur for its hero." How Sidney would have handled the fable of Arthur is a matter of mere conjecture. In the familiar anecdote of the wounded ſoldier Mr. Bourne has deviated capriciouſly from his authority, Lord Brooke. He

has altogether omitted to refute or notice the old tradition that Sidney was nominated for the throne of Poland.

The preceding remarks, and ſome others which occur in the notes, on Mr. Bourne's Memoir, are rendered neceſſary by the circumſtances under which this volume appears. On the merits and defects of his work in general I ſhall not offer an opinion, further than to acknowledge that the following pages would have gained much if, while they were ſtill in MS, I had been able to avail myſelf of his diligent reſearches.

May, 1862.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.—FAMILY AND CHILDHOOD. 1554-1572.

Page

INTRODUCTION . . . 1
The Sidneys 4
The Dudleys 6
Childhood at Penſhurſt . . . 9
Shrewſbury School . . . 10
Chriſt Church, Oxford 12
Contract of Marriage with Anne Cecil . . . 14

CHAPTER II.—FOREIGN TRAVEL. 1572-1577.

Paris in 1572 15
Sidney's Friends 18
Maſſacre of St. Bartholomew 19
Sidney leaves France 20
Hubert Languet 20
Studies in Germany 21
Viſit to Italy 22
Letter to Robert Sidney on Travel . . . 25
Correſpondence with Languet 31
Studies at Padua 33
Portrait painted by Veroneſe 34
Poland 35
Hungary 36
Return to England 37
Viſit to his Father in Ireland 38
Marriage of Mary Sidney 39

Page
Philip appointed Ambaſſador to the Emperor . . 39
Interviews at Prague 42
The Count Palatine and his Brother . . 42, 45
Don John of Auſtria 46
William of Orange 47
Sidney's Opinions on the State of Europe . . 48
Lord Brooke 50

CHAPTER III.—COURT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. 1577-1580.

State of the Kingdom 52
Worſhip of the Queen 54
Character of Elizabeth 57
Her favour to Sidney 59
His Literary Friends 61
Spenſer 63
Sidney's Court Life 65
Defence of his Father's Government of Ireland . 66
Letter to Sir Henry's Secretary 68
Lady Penelope Devereux 69
Sidney's Love and Melancholy 72
Viſit of Languet to England 75
Treaty of Marriage between Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou 76
Letter of Sidney to the Queen 79
The Earl of Oxford 82
Quarrel in the Tennis-court 83
Interview with Elizabeth 86
Retirement from Court 88

CHAPTER IV.—ARCADIA.

Diſappointment 89
Life at Wilton 91
Characteriſtics of *Arcadia* 93
Mixture of Mediæval and Claſſical Ideas . . 94
Pamela's Prayer 96
High Tone of Sentiment 97
Epiſode of Argalus and Parthenia . . . 101

Page

Reflectiveneſs 104
Deſcription of Hawking 104
Inferiority of the Songs 107
Want of Humour 107
The Defence of Poeſy 109
Sidney's Literary Influence 112
Tranſlation of the Pſalms 114
Building and Gardening 115

CHAPTER V.—RETURN TO PUBLIC LIFE. 1581-1585.

M. P. for Kent, 1581 117
Sir Walter Mildmay's Committee 117
"Triumph" in Honour of the Duke of Anjou . 121
Marriage of Lady Penelope Devereux . . 124
Aſtrophel and Stella 124
Death of Languet 131
Invitation to Portugal 132
Letter to the Queen encloſing a Cipher . . 135
Journey to Antwerp with the Duke of Anjou . 136
Deſire of Employment 137
Project of American Diſcovery 142
Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Walter Raleigh . . 144
Correſpondence with Dupleſſis Mornay . . 148
Sidney knighted 148
His Marriage 148
Paper in Defence of the Earl of Leiceſter . . 151
Propoſed Embaſſy to France 155
Reſumption of American Scheme with Drake . 159
Appointed Governor of Fluſhing 161
Birth of his Daughter 161

CHAPTER VI.—WAR IN THE NETHERLANDS. 1585-1586.

Sidney's Arrival at Fluſhing 162
Letter to Leiceſter 163
State of the War 168
Leiceſter Governor-General 169

Page
Misery of the Army 171
Sidney's Anxieties and Projects 173
Colonelcy of the Zealand Regiment . . . 178
Letter to Walsingham 181
Leicester's Jesting Player Will 185
Opening of the Campaign 186
Surprise of Axel 187
Ambuscade at Gravelines 190
Supper Party at Gertruydenberg 192
Capture of Doesburg 195
Siege of Zutphen 196
Battle of September 22nd 198
Valour of the English 199
Sidney mortally wounded 201
Results of the Battle 204

CHAPTER VII.—SIDNEY'S DEATH. 1586.

Sidney conveyed to Arnheim 207
Attended by his Wife 207
Death of Sir Henry and Lady Mary Sidney . 208
Signs of Amendment 209
Sidney's Profession of Faith 210
Discourses on the Immortality of the Soul . . 211
Conversations with Gifford 213
His Will 215
La Cuisse Rompue 216
Last Conversations 216
Death 220
National Mourning 220
The Kingdom of Poland 222
Funeral at St. Paul's 224
Elegies 226
Character of Sidney 232

Pamela's Prayer, from *Arcadia* 239
Verses on Sidney's Funeral 241

The Life of Sir Philip Sidney.

CHAPTER I.

FAMILY AND CHILDHOOD.

" Kent thy birth-days, and Oxford held thy youth:
The heavens made haſte, and ſtaid nor years nor time:
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy firſt prime,
Thy will, thy words, thy words, the ſeals of truth."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE name of Sir Philip Sidney is one of the brighteſt in Engliſh hiſtory. His fame reſts upon the noble title of the praiſe of thoſe who are themſelves moſt praiſeworthy. Living at an illuſtrious period of our annals, his eminent worth as a ſoldier, ſtateſman, and author, was extolled by the general voice of his contemporaries. Such popularity is ſometimes a mere faſhion of the day, which is apt to miſlead the wiſeſt judgment, and from which the critics of Elizabeth's reign were

certainly not exempt. At firſt ſight one might be inclined to aſcribe Sidney's reputation to this influence; for the acts of his ſhort career are hardly ſufficient in themſelves to account for the applauſe which was beſtowed upon him, and the univerſal ſorrow of his countrymen when he died. Yet, although his literary works have long ceaſed to be popular, few who have written of him in later times have failed to regard his memory with admiration almoſt unqualified, and with tenderneſs reſembling that of private friendſhip.

The ſecret of his fame ſeems to lie in the ſingular beauty of his life; which has been well deſcribed as "poetry put into action." He was the perfect type of a gentleman. If the chief qualities comprehended under this term are generoſity, dignity, refinement of heart and mind, it would be hard to find in any age or nation a better example than Sidney. His ſoul overflowed with magnanimity and ſympathy. Theſe inward excellencies were ſet off, when living, by extreme beauty of perſon, ſweetneſs of voice, and proficiency in all accompliſhments and arts, as well as by a certain gracefulneſs, which appeared in whatever he did or ſaid, and ſtill ſhines through his writings with a peculiar charm.

One naturally deſires to meaſure ſo intereſting

a character by the higheſt poſſible ſtandard. To be accounted a perfect gentleman, though it be great praiſe, is far from being the greateſt. Such praiſe is conſiſtent with many defects, and even with ſome of the qualities which are moſt at variance with that Chriſtian holineſs which is the only true ideal of manhood. The indulgence of the paſſions of pride, revenge, and love, is faintly reſtrained by the principle of honour. Still leſs does a man's ſpiritual ſtate, his relation to his Heavenly Father, come within its province. So we find men like Henry IV. of France, reputed the firſt gentleman of his time, and yet undeſerving of any place in Chriſtian biography. How far Sidney may claim ſuch a rank will appear from the following pages. Doubtleſs the career which, from a lower point of view, looks ſo glorious and ſpotleſs, ſhows many traces of error and ſin when we teſt it by the One Perfect Example of Virtue. But Sidney is a man to be brought, without impropriety, to ſuch a compariſon. No vulgar meaſure does him juſtice; and any inſtruction which may be ſuggeſted by his life will beſt ariſe from eſtimating his worth fairly; treating his virtues and accompliſhments as divine gifts, and his faults as examples of the frailty which is common to human nature.

He was born at Penſhurſt, in Kent, on the 29th of November, 1554. His birthplace is one of the chief ornaments of the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells: a large old houſe, built in the period when Engliſhmen began to rely on the internal ſecurity of their country, and to diſpenſe with the protection of caſtle walls. Poets have celebrated the beeches and deer of Penſhurſt Park; and an oak, which was ſown at Sir Philip's birth, is famous among Britiſh trees. Ben Jonſon writes, in well-known verſes, of—

> "That taller tree, which of a nut was ſet
> At his great birth where all the Muſes met."

And on its bark Waller propoſed to commemorate his unrequited love for Philip's great-niece:—

> "Go, boy, and carve this paſſion on the bark
> Of yonder tree, which ſtands the ſacred mark
> Of noble Sidney's birth."

An ancient trunk is ſtill ſhown as the Sidney Oak, but the original was cut down a century ago.

The Sidneys came from Anjou in company with Henry II. In the courſe of generations they intermarried with ſome of the nobleſt families in England; and the liſt of their connections includes ſeveral names renowned, in various ways, wherever Engliſh hiſtory or literature is read. It

is ſufficient to give, as inſtances, the ancient names of Gray, Talbot, Beauchamp, Berkeley, Liſle; the great houſes of Pembroke, Stanley, Cavendiſh, Spencer, Brooke; the reſolute defenders of conſtitutional liberty, John Hampden and Algernon Sidney; the pſalmiſt George Herbert, and the poets Byron and Shelley. Sir Henry, the father of Philip Sidney, was deſervedly reſpected by many ſovereigns. He was brought up in company with Edward VI, whoſe nurſe and governeſs were of Sir Henry's family. Edward often ſlept in the ſame bed with him, and breathed his laſt in his arms. His firſt appointment was that of henchman to King Henry, whoſe three children in turn employed him in important poſts of ſtate. By Edward he was knighted and ſent ambaſſador into France. In Mary's reign he was ſent as Lord Juſtice to Ireland, and there, fighting under the Earl of Suſſex againſt the northern rebels, he killed the chief M'Connell with his own hand. Elizabeth promoted him to the Preſidency of Wales; and during his tenure of this office, which laſted for twenty-ſix years, he was ſent over to Ireland, as the Queen's Deputy, three times. In each of theſe viſits he ſuſtained a violent rebellion, ſubdued it, and left the country in quiet. Ireland was divided by him into counties: he

printed the ſtatutes, and ſet on foot a national ſcheme of education. His character was marked by a grand, manly ingenuouſneſs, not unlike that of an ancient Roman; but his letters continually betray the warm affection with which his ſeverer virtues were tempered.* His wife was no leſs commended, by thoſe who knew her beſt, for every womanly virtue and high intellectual gift. She is deſcribed by her huſband as having been "a full fair lady, in mine eye at leaſt the faireſt," before ſhe loſt her beauty by the ſmall-pox, which ſhe caught through nurſing the Queen in the ſame diſeaſe. After that time ſhe lived in much retirement. This admirable woman was Mary, eldeſt daughter of the ambitious Duke of Northumberland, and Philip was taught from his childhood to be proud of his deſcent by the mother's ſide. "I am a Dudley in blood," he ſaid in defending his uncle Leiceſter; "my chiefeſt honour is to be a Dudley." The name is one of great antiquity, coming from a Saxon chief Dudo, or Dodo, who built a fort about the time of the Heptarchy, where Dudley Caſtle

* In vol. CLIX. of the State Papers is a moſt intereſting autobiography of Sir Henry Sidney, written to Walſingham, for the purpoſe of ſhowing his claim to a penſion.

ſtands, encircled by woods, on the edge of the mines of South Staffordſhire. At the Norman Conqueſt the eſtate was given by William to one of his knights with the hand of the Saxon heireſs; and from them the Dudleys of a later date were collaterally deſcended. After ſeveral generations, marked by no extraordinary diſtinction, the family roſe in the fifteenth century to a high and guilty eminence. Four ſeveral Dudleys, in leſs than ſeventy years, attained for a time to great power and ſtation, from which three of them fell, ſtill more ſuddenly, to die on the ſcaffold for high treaſon. The firſt was Henry VII.'s miniſter, who was brought to trial on the acceſſion of Henry VIII: a bad man, whoſe cruel exactions made him and his family juſtly odious to the people, though he was probably innocent of the charge on which he was beheaded. His verſatile ſon John Dudley ſucceeded, as is well known, in gaining the favour of Henry VIII. by his ſkill as a ſoldier and a courtier. He was made ſucceſſively Viſcount Liſle, Lord High Admiral, Earl of Warwick, and Duke of Northumberland; and for a few troubled weeks his ambition was gratified by hearing his daughter-in-law ſtyled Queen. At the ſame time he had become popular with Ridley and other reformers

by profeſſing Proteſtant doctrines. The part which he took in promoting the Reformation is a ſtriking inſtance of a good cauſe helped, and at the ſame time diſhonoured, by the ſelfiſhneſs of a worldly man. His fall in 1553 ſeemed to be the ruin of his family. The death of Guildford Dudley, on Tower Hill, was the conſequence of his treaſon; and his other ſons narrowly eſcaped a ſimilar fate. John, the eldeſt, died in the Beauchamp Tower, where his inſcription, delicately carved, may ſtill be ſeen. Nevertheleſs, in the perſon of Robert, the Dudleys regained their former eminence. In the face of the taint of treaſon, and of darker ſuſpicions, which popular hatred magnified, he lived to be a not unwelcome ſuitor of two rival Queens, and for many years to exerciſe, as Earl of Leiceſter, a greater influence on the Engliſh State, at home and abroad, than his grandfather or even his father had ever poſſeſſed. Reflecting on theſe wonderful viciſſitudes of the houſe of Dudley, there ſeems to be at leaſt as much cauſe for ſhame as of pride to one in whoſe veins the ſame blood was flowing. If we grant, as we may, that it is an honour to be ſprung from a noble race, the diſhonour of bad anceſtors muſt alſo be accepted with humiliation as our own. But it muſt not be forgotten that

the impreſſion which is given in hiſtory of families and individuals is rarely juſt. Hiſtory exaggerates the lights and ſhadows of human character, and more particularly the latter; leaving untold many homely virtues to record one great miſdeed. Thus, among the ſons of Northumberland, the ſecond, Ambroſe, who makes comparatively no ſign in public affairs, was known in his generation as the "good Earl of Warwick."

It was at the time of the loweſt downfall of the family that Philip Sidney was born. The execution of his grandfather, Northumberland, had taken place the previous year, followed by thoſe of his uncle Guildford and of Jane Grey, his aunt by her unhappy marriage. Help came to the Dudleys from the quarter whence it could leaſt have been expected. Philip of Spain, ſolicited by Sir Henry Sidney, and anxious to gain credit in England for clemency, interceded for them, and their forfeited lands and titles were reſtored. Out of gratitude for this favour and loyalty to the Queen, who was married to the Spaniſh King in the ſummer, the infant Sidney received the name of Philip. It has been ſaid that he had Philip for his godfather, but the ſtatement reſts on inſufficient authority. He was the eldeſt ſon of his parents. The children afterwards born to

them were two ſons, Robert and William; and four daughters, of whom three died young, the other being Mary, afterwards Counteſs of Pembroke, famous for her learning, beauty, and virtue. Robert Sidney fills a reſpectable place in the hiſtory of his time, and received the Earldom of Leiceſter from James I.

The manners of the family at Penſhurſt correſponded with Ben Jonſon's deſcription of the next generation of Sidneys:—

> "They are, and have been, taught religion: thence
> Their gentle ſpirits have ſucked innocence.
> Each morn and even they are taught to pray
> With the whole houſehold; and may every day
> Read in their virtuous parents' noble parts
> The myſteries of manners, arms, and arts."

On the appointment of Sir Henry Sidney to be Preſident of Wales he went to reſide at Ludlow Caſtle, and Philip was ſent to ſchool at Shrewſbury. A long letter which he received from his father in 1556, when he was eleven years old, was carefully preſerved, and is extant. In this Sir Henry acknowledges two letters of Philip's, one written in Latin, and the other in French, and he proceeds to give him ſound advice on the moſt important points of duty and behaviour. The letter is indeed a model of its kind. "Let your

firſt action," he ſays, "be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer, and feelingly digeſt the words you ſpeak in prayer with continual meditation and thinking of Him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray." He counſels Philip to be ſtudious, to be courteous, cheerful, temperate, and cleanly; to ſtrengthen his body by exerciſe; to avoid ſcurrilous and ribald converſation; to be a liſtener rather than a talker: and "above all things," he adds, "tell no untruth, no, not in trifles." He bids him further to ſtudy and endeavour to keep himſelf virtuouſly occupied, and warns him not to diſhonour his noble race; concluding—"Your loving father, ſo long as you live in the fear of God, H. Sidney." An affectionate poſtſcript follows from his mother:—

"Your noble and careful father hath taken pains (with his own hand) to give you in this his letter ſo wiſe, ſo learned, and moſt requiſite precepts, for you to follow with a diligent and humble thankful mind, as I will not withdraw your eyes from beholding and reverent honouring the ſame, no not ſo long time as to read any letter from me; and therefore at this time I will write no other letter than this: whereby I firſt bleſs you, with my deſire to God to plant in you His grace:

and ſecondarily warn you to have always before the eyes of your mind thoſe excellent counſels of my lord your dear father, and that you fail not continually once in four or five days to read them over. And for a final leave-taking for this time, ſee that you ſhow yourſelf a loving obedient ſcholar to your good maſter, and that my lord and I may hear that you profit ſo in your learning as thereby you may increaſe our loving care of you, and deſerve at his hands the continuance of his great joys, to have him often witneſs with his own hand the hope he hath in your well-doing.

"Farewell, my little Philip, and once again, the Lord bleſs you! Your loving Mother,

"MARIE SIDNEY."

From Shrewſbury, Philip went, at the age of fifteen, to Chriſt Church, Oxford, where he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his love of ſtudy and the intelligence with which he maſtered what he learned. His tutor was Dr. Thornton, whom he held in grateful remembrance. One of the moſt promiſing young men of the time, Robert Carew, was ſelected to diſpute with him, according to cuſtom, when he took his degree. The diſputation took place in the preſence of his uncle, the Earl of Leiceſter, who was Chancellor of the

Univerſity. He inherited a delicate conſtitution from his mother, who never recovered from the great ſorrow of her family's overthrow; and he ſeems alſo to have outgrown his ſtrength; for Leiceſter wrote about this time to Archbiſhop Parker requeſting "a licenſe to eat fleſh during Lent, for my boy Philip Sidney, who is ſomewhat ſubject to ſickneſs." His weak health inclined him to premature earneſtneſs, though it did not hinder him from ſhowing rare dexterity in manly ſports and exerciſes. The following deſcription of his character as a boy is given by his friend and biographer, Lord Brooke:—"Though I lived with him, and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man, with ſuch a ſtaidneſs of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk was ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind." Sidney is ſuppoſed, after leaving Oxford, to have joined Lord Brooke at Cambridge.* His name does not appear on the books of that Univerſity. But it was formerly a common practice to viſit ſeveral Univerſities, for a ſhort courſe of lectures at each.

A Latin letter is extant among the State

* Zouch's Memoirs of Sidney, p. 34.

Papers, in which he gives a diffident account of his ſtudies to Sir William Cecil, better known as the Lord Treaſurer Burleigh. While he was at Oxford a marriage was projected between him and Cecil's daughter Anne. Of this Cecil writes:*—"I have been preſſed with ſuch kind offers of my Lord Deputy, and with the like of my Lord of Leiceſter, as I have accorded with him upon articles, (by a manner of A B without any perſons named,) that if P. S. and A. C. hereafter ſhall like to marry, then ſhall H. S. the father of P. S. make aſſurances, &c.; and then ſhall alſo W. C. the father of A. C. pay, &c. What may follow I know not, but as I wiſh P. S. full liberty, ſo ſurely A. C. ſhall have it, and in the meantime I will omit no point of friendſhip." The contract was never fulfilled, owing, perhaps, to Cecil's ambition; for Sir Henry Sidney was warmly in its favour. Anne was married young to Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, whoſe cruelty broke her heart.

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* Wright's Elizabeth, i. 323.

CHAPTER II.

FOREIGN TRAVEL.

Πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω.

IN 1572, having completed his academical courſe, Sidney obtained the Queen's licence to travel on the Continent for two years, to learn foreign languages. His retinue, ſpecified by the licence, was three ſervants and four horſes. Sidney's firſt deſtination was Paris. He was recommended by Leiceſter to the care of Francis Walſingham, the Engliſh Ambaſſador, and he travelled in the ſuite of the Lord Admiral Lincoln, who was ſent on an extraordinary miſſion to conclude a treaty of alliance with the French King. At that time Paris had begun to take the lead of the European cities in the arts of civilization. The victories which had been gained in Italy by ſeveral ſucceſſive kings had eſtabliſhed the reputation of

French chivalry, and had introduced ſouthern taſtes and faſhions into France, enriching Paris with choice paintings and ſtatues, tapeſtry, jewels, and armour, the ſpoil of Italian cities. Sidney had the moſt favourable opportunities of obſerving the mind and manners of the French Court. He was preſented by Walſingham to Charles IX, who treated him with marked kindneſs, and cauſed him to be ſworn in as one of his gentlemen of the bed-chamber. This, although a poſt of honour in a worldly ſenſe, was beſet with temptations for a youth; and it is not the leaſt of Sidney's praiſes that he paſſed uncorrupted through ſuch experience of evil as he muſt have acquired at the Louvre. For there, under the maſk of politeneſs and of the moſt romantic honour, were concealed the vices of men and women without religion, truth, or ſhame: poiſoners, aſſaſſins, and ſome, even in the higheſt places, who were devoted to the black art of magic. The feeble King was ruled by his mother, Catherine de' Medicis, who ſet the Court an example of cold-blooded iniquity. Paſſionleſs herſelf, ſhe knew how to make uſe of human paſſions, turning to her own account, with Italian craft, the hatred of one, the affection of another, the zeal of a third. But her favourite means of gaining power over the princes and

nobles around her was by corrupting and leading their minds with diſſolute pleaſure. She played with deliberate ſelfiſhneſs the part of a tempter to evil. The chief perſonages in rank after the King and Catherine were her two younger ſons, the Dukes of Anjou and Alençon. Of theſe, the former had gained a brilliant reputation in the civil wars, on the fields of Jarnac and Moncontour; but the hopes which he had raiſed in his youth were ſoon diſappointed by his effeminate and wicked reign. Francis, Duke of Alençon, ſucceeded a few years later to the title of Anjou, on his brother's acceſſion to the throne; and a marriage negotiation, which had been commenced with Elizabeth of England on behalf of his brother Henry, was alſo transferred to him. When this marriage was on the point of taking place, and the whole Engliſh people was agitated by the proſpect, Sidney's former acquaintance with the French Prince and his family gave ſtrength to his efforts to diſſuade the Queen from alliance with him. He was of a timid and jealous diſpoſition, and falſe-hearted, though in powers of mind ſuperior to his brothers. A ſtriking contraſt to the ſickly members of the royal family of Valois was preſented by the magnificent Henry Duke of Guiſe, the chief of the Catholic League, and the idol of

the populace. He was at the Court, and with him were a multitude of fierce and proud nobles, burning with ſcorn of their unworthy princes, and with jealouſy of the minions, Epernon, Joyeuſe, and others, who grew rich on their favour. Both theſe two court factions were joined together for the moment in hatred of a third party at the time when Sidney was in Paris. The leaders of the Huguenots were lured to the capital by a feigned peace. It was among the nobleſt of theſe, more than among the vain and worthleſs courtiers, that Sidney found his chief friends, men for the moſt part older than himſelf, and celebrated throughout Europe for learning and virtue. Philip du Pleſſis Mornay, afterwards Chancellor of France, who is repreſented in the Henriade as a guardian angel to his maſter Henry IV, entertained an affection towards Sidney which laſted throughout his life. Another of his friends was Lewis of Naſſau, brother of the great William of Orange, and ſecond to no one in Chriſtendom for combining in himſelf every excellence of knighthood. With the wife Hubert Languet he formed ſoon afterwards a ſtill cloſer friendſhip. At the head of this party, which included, beſides, Coligni, Condé, and ſeveral of the moſt heroic men in France, ſtood the young King of Navarre,

Henry of Bourbon, who was next in ſucceſſion to the French throne after the King's brothers. He was already eminent for the high perſonal qualities which won for him the crown in ſpite of reverſes and obſtacles almoſt without parallel. Unhappily for his friends and for his fame he became at this time an inſtrument of the deſigns of Catherine. An aſtrologer had predicted to her that all her ſons ſhould die young and childleſs, and, though ſhe bore Henry no love, ſhe gave him her daughter Margaret in marriage, hoping thus to provide for the continuance of her power. The wedding was celebrated at Paris with elaborate magnificence in Auguſt. A few days later Henry, who was only eighteen years old, was perſuaded or intimidated into renouncing his religion and his party. Meanwhile a plot, which has gained a horrible celebrity, was matured by the Catholic nobles, who ſeemed intent only on balls and feſtivities. On the 24th the city was ſtartled by the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew.

Sidney eſcaped from this great danger by taking refuge in Walſingham's houſe; but it was evidently unſafe for him to remain at Paris. The perpetrators of the maſſacre were furious men, who only regretted that their work was incomplete, and they were openly encouraged by the King

himſelf. So unſcrupulous was the party-ſpirit of thoſe times in religious queſtions, that the Pope was not aſhamed to return thanks ſolemnly at St. Peter's for this great deſtruction of the Huguenots, of which even a Roman Catholic biſhop, Perefixe, ſpoke freely in the next century as an execrable action of which there had never been the like. At the Engliſh Court the utmoſt horror and alarm were excited. The ambaſſador whom Charles ſent to excuſe the crime found the Court in mourning, and was received in profound ſilence.

A letter was immediately written by the Privy Council to Walſingham to take meaſures for the departure of Sidney and other Engliſhmen from Paris. Under his letter of ſafe conduct Philip travelled through Lorraine into Germany, accompanied by Dr. Watſon, afterwards Biſhop of Wincheſter. He ſpent a ſhort time at Straſburg, and from that city went by way of Heidelberg to Frankfort, and took lodgings at the houſe of Andrew Wechel, a printer of ſome note. His hoſt was, like himſelf, a refugee from Paris, and there was in the ſame houſe another refugee, Languet, who had ſaved the lives of Mornay and Wechel at his own utmoſt peril. Between Languet and Sidney a friendſhip ſprang up reſembling

that of More and Eraſmus. Languet belonged to an earlier generation. He had been a friend of Melancthon, and was himſelf eminent as a Reformer. His learning was thought conſiderable in that age of learned men; but he was ſtill more diſtinguiſhed for his acquaintance with the ſtate of Europe, and for his activity in the politics of the Proteſtant cauſe. The charms of his converſation were extraordinary, and Sidney's ardent thirſt for knowledge was gratified by his abundant flow of information. Sidney thus commemorates his friend in one of the ſongs of Arcadia:—

> "The ſong I ſang old Languet had me taught,
> Languet, the ſhepherd beſt ſwift Iſter knew;
> For clerkly read, and hating what is naught,
> For faithful heart, clean hands, and mouth as true.
> With his ſweet ſkill my ſkilleſs youth he drew,
> To have a feeling taſte of Him who ſits
> Beyond the heavens, far more beyond our wits."

When Languet was ſent to Vienna, in 1573, as envoy of the Elector of Saxony, Sidney went with him, and remained there till the cloſe of the year, taking pains to perfect himſelf in the uſe of arms and horſemanſhip. The latter he learned in company with Edward Wotton, brother of the Sir Henry whoſe life Walton has written. His

maſter was an Italian equerry of the Emperor, Pugliano, of great fame in his day, whoſe praiſe of his art is pleaſantly deſcribed by Sidney. "He ſaid ſoldiers were the nobleſt eſtate of mankind, and horſemen the nobleſt of ſoldiers. . . Then would he add certain praiſes, by telling what a peerleſs beaſt the horſe was, the only ſerviceable courtier, without flattery, the beaſt of moſt beauty, faithfulneſs, courage, and ſuch more, that if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have perſuaded me to wiſh myſelf a horſe." Sidney made good uſe of his maſter's leſſons, and in the ſecond book of Arcadia he has admirably deſcribed the management of a horſe by a graceful rider.

In the following November, Sidney proceeded into Italy. He refrained unwillingly from viſiting Rome, for he had made a promiſe to Languet before parting with him that he would not go there. Languet dreaded the impreſſion which might be made upon his ſuſceptible mind by the magnificence of the Papal City; an exceſſive caution, perhaps, for it was a viſit to Rome which made Luther a Reformer ſixty years before. Yet much had been done in the interval to diminiſh the ſcandals of the Church: the attractions of St. Peter's had been increaſed by many maſter-

pieces of art, and the difference was wide between the great German preacher and an imaginative youth of nineteen. Sidney went to Venice, which was in ſome reſpects a place of more intereſt to travellers than Rome. Thoſe were the days when Venice was ſtill "the revel of the earth, the maſque of Italy." The pompous annual ceremony, in which the Doge committed a wedding-ring to the ſea, was ſomething beyond an empty boaſt, for Venice ſtill retained her title to the empire of the ſea; and while the richeſt products of Europe and Aſia were expoſed to ſale in her ſquares, her pre-eminence as a ſchool of arts and manners was not yet eclipſed by the more recent civilization of Paris. Gentlemen of all nations reſorted thither, and to float in a gondola through her noiſeleſs ſtreets was reputed to be an eſſential part of ſeeing what is called the world. The dramatiſts of Queen Elizabeth's reign often take occaſion to ridicule the foppery and inſolence of young men who had been to Venice. Biſhop Hall, in his youthful ſatires, inveighed ſtill more earneſtly againſt theſe and other vices imported from abroad; and in an eſſay written later he treats of the ſame ſubject. Lord Burleigh ſaid, "Suffer not thy ſons to paſs the Alps, for they ſhall learn nothing there but pride, blaſphemy,

and atheiſm;" and no language can be ſtronger than that which is aſcribed to Sidney himſelf, though he wiſely confines his ſtrictures to the abuſe of travel:—

> "An Engliſhman that is Italianate
> Doth lightly prove a devil incarnate."

It is not ſurpriſing that doubts ſhould exiſt whether anything can be gained by travel at all worth the riſk of evil which is incurred. Certainly thoſe who viſit foreign countries need to have fixed principles of faith. In that caſe the enlargement of mind which travel gives tends to humility, wiſdom, and charity. But if any one has not learned rightly the leſſons of his own home, he is not fit to travel yet. Experience of foreign manners ſhakes the religion and morals which are founded on mere cuſtom, and offers nothing better inſtead; its uſe, at the beſt, being mainly political. The queſtion is diſcuſſed by Hampden, in a letter to Sir John Eliot, who had conſulted him as to the education of his ſon. He adviſed delay and more ſtudy at home before the young man went abroad. "'Tis a great hazard, methinks," he writes, "to ſee ſo ſweet a diſpoſition guarded with no more, amongſt a people whereof many make it their religion to be ſuper-

ſtitious in impiety, and their behaviour to be affected in manners. But God hath deſigned him (I hope) for his own ſervice betimes, and ſtirred up your providence to huſband him thus early for great affairs. Then ſhall he be ſure to find Him in France that Abraham did in Sichem and Joſeph in Egypt, under whoſe wing alone is perfect ſafety."

Sidney was manifeſtly called to "great affairs," both by his birth and by his high qualities of mind; and the true uſe of travel appears nowhere more clearly than in his correſpondence. The following letter was written for the guidance of his brother Robert about five years after this time, but its contents make it ſuitable to be cited here.

"My Good Brother,

"You have thought unkindneſs in me that I have not written oftener unto you, and have deſired I ſhould write unto you ſomething of my opinion touching your travel; you being perſuaded my experience thereunto be ſomething which I muſt needs confeſs, but not as you take it; for you think my experience grows from the good things which I have learned; but I know the only experience which I have gotten is to

find how much I might have learned, and how much indeed I have miſſed, for want of directing my courſe to the right end and by the right means. . . . . I am ſure you have imprinted in your mind the ſcope and mark you mean by your pains to ſhoot at; for if you ſhould travel but to travel or to ſay you had travelled, certainly you ſhould prove a pilgrim to no purpoſe. But I preſume ſo well of you, that though a great number of us never thought in ourſelves why we went, but a certain tickling humour to do as other men had done, you purpoſe, being a gentleman born, to furniſh yourſelf with the knowledge of ſuch things as may be ſerviceable for your country and calling; which certainly ſtands not in the change of air, for the warmeſt ſun makes not a wiſe man; no, nor in learning languages, although they be of ſerviceable uſe, for words are but words in what language ſoever they be, and much leſs in that all of us come home full of diſguiſements, not only of apparel, but of our countenances, as though the credit of a traveller ſtood all upon his outſide; but in the right informing your mind with thoſe things which are moſt notable in thoſe places which you come unto.

"Of which as the one kind is ſo vain, as I

think ere it be long, like the mountebanks in Italy, we travellers ſhall be made ſport of in comedies; ſo may I juſtly ſay, who rightly travels with the eye of Ulyſſes doth take one of the moſt excellent ways of worldly wiſdom. For hard ſure it is to know England without you know it by comparing it with ſome other country, no more than a man can know the ſwiftneſs of his horſe without ſeeing him well matched. . . . . This, therefore, is one notable uſe of travellers, which ſtands in the mind and correlative knowledge of things, in which kind comes in the knowledge of all leagues betwixt prince and prince; the topographical deſcription of each country; how the one lies by ſituation to hurt or help the other; how they are to the ſea, well harboured or not; how ſtored with ſhips, how with revenue, how with fortification and garriſons; how the people, warlike, trained, or kept under; with many other ſuch conſiderations, which as they confuſedly come into my mind, ſo I, for want of leiſure, haſtily ſet them down. . . . . The other kind of knowledge is of them which ſtand in the things which are in themſelves either ſimply good or ſimply bad, and ſo ſerve either for a right inſtruction or a ſhunning example. Theſe Homer meant in this

verſe, 'Qui multos hominum mores cognovit et urbes.'* For he doth not mean by 'mores' how to look or put off one's cap with a new-found grace, although true behaviour is not to be deſpiſed: marry my hereſy is, that the Engliſh behaviour is beſt in England and the Italian's in Italy. But 'mores' he takes for that from which moral philoſophy is ſo called; the certainneſs of true diſcerning of men's minds both in virtue, paſſions, and vices. And when he ſays, 'cognovit urbes,' he means not, if I be not deceived, to have ſeen towns and marked their buildings; for ſurely houſes are but houſes in every place: but he attends to their religion, politics, laws, bringing up of children, diſcipline both for war and peace, and ſuch-like.

"Theſe I take to be of the ſecond kind, which are ever worthy to be known for their own ſakes. As ſurely in the great Turk, though we have nothing to do with him, yet his diſcipline in war matters is worthy to be known and learned. Nay, even in the kingdom of China, which is almoſt as far as the Antipodes from us, their good laws and cuſtoms are to be learned; but to

* "Wandering from clime to clime obſervant ſtrayed,
Their manners noted, and their ſtates ſurveyed."—POPE.

know their riches and power is of little purpoſe for us, ſince that can neither advance nor hinder us. But in our neighbour countries, both thoſe things are to be marked, as well the latter as the former. The countries fitteſt for both theſe are thoſe which you are going into. France is above all other moſt needful for us to mark, eſpecially in the former kind; next is Spain and the Low Countries; then Germany, which in my opinion excels all others as much in the latter conſideration as the other doth in the former; yet neither are void of neither; for as Germany, methinks, doth excel in good laws and well adminiſtering of juſtice, ſo are we likewiſe to conſider in it the many princes with whom we may have league, the places of trade, and means to draw both ſoldiers and furniture thence in time of need. So on the other ſide, as in France and Spain, we are principally to mark how they ſtand towards us both in power and inclination; ſo are they, not without good and fitting uſe, in the generality of wiſdom to be known. As in France the courts of parliament, their ſubaltern juriſdiction, and their continual keeping of paid ſoldiers. In Spain, their good and grave proceedings, their keeping ſo many provinces under them and by what manner, with the true points of honour. . . .

Flanders likewiſe, beſides the neighbourhood with us, hath divers things to be learned, eſpecially in governing their merchants and other trades. Alſo for Italy, we know not what we have, or can have, to do with them, but to buy their ſilks and their wines; and as for the other point, except Venice, whoſe good laws and cuſtoms we can hardly proportion to ourſelves, becauſe they are quite of a contrary government; there is little there but tyrannous oppreſſion, and ſervile yielding to them that have little or no right over them. And for the men you ſhall have there, although indeed ſome be excellently learned, yet are they all given to counterfeit learning, as a man ſhall learn among them more falſe grounds of things than in any place elſe that I know; for, from a tapſter upwards, they are all diſcourſers in certain matters and qualities, as horſemanſhip, weapons, painting, and ſuch are better there than in other countries; but for other matters as well if not better you ſhall have them in nearer places.

"Now reſteth in my memory but this point, which is the chief to you of all others: which is the choice of what men you are to direct yourſelf to; for it is certain no veſſel can leave a worſe taſte in the liquor it contains, than a wrong teacher infects an unſkilful hearer with that which hardly

will ever out. I will not tell you ſome abſurdities I have heard travellers tell: taſte him well before you drink much of his doctrine. And when you have heard it, try well what you have heard before you hold it for a principle; for one error is the mother of a thouſand. But you may ſay, how ſhall I get excellent men to take pains to ſpeak with me? Truly, in few words, either by much expenſe or much humbleneſs."

Sidney declared to Languet for himſelf, that his chief felicity, next to the worſhip of God, conſiſted in the friendſhip of good men. He was happy in the poſſeſſion of ſuch a friend, to whom he could look for ſympathy and encouragement in his virtuous aims; as he ſaid of him in the ſong already quoted:—

> "His good ſtrong ſtaff my ſlippery years upbore,
> He ſtill hoped well becauſe I loved truth."

His letters to Languet have a playful ſeriouſneſs and modeſty very becoming in a young man addreſſing one ſo much his ſenior, and the correſpondence between them gives a vivid picture of the "lovely and familiar gravity" which drew all kinds of men to delight in Sidney's ſociety. The tenderneſs of his diſpoſition is agreeably illuſtrated by a remark of Languet's. "I am amuſed at

your complaints of the ungracious behaviour of ſome friends who went away without bidding you farewell. You imagine perhaps that all men have the ſame obliging character as yourſelf."

Perſonal matters, however, occupy only a ſmall portion of the correſpondence. Sidney's thoughts were ſtrongly intent on politics, and the ſtate of Europe was ſuch as to excite the deepeſt anxiety. The Low Countries were engaged in a ſeemingly hopeleſs conteſt with Spain, and the cauſe of the Reformation throughout Europe hung upon the iſſue. At the ſame time Germany and Italy were menaced by the encroachments of the Turks, who had lately conquered Cyprus, and concluded peace with Venice while Sidney was there. Theſe are the chief ſubjects of his letters. When his friend the gallant Lewis of Naſſau was defeated and killed, he wrote, "If there is any one who ſees what is to follow, and is not moved by it, I ſay he ſhould either take his place among the gods, or be claſſed with the brutes in human form."

There is no certain account of Sidney's meeting with any of the illuſtrious men of ſcience or letters who were then living in Italy; although it has been conjectured, with ſome probability, that he may have known Taſſo and others. But the fruits of his having ſtudied Italian literature with

delight appear in his Arcadia. He wrote with much intereſt of his ſtudies, which he purſued for ſome months at the Univerſity of Padua. That univerſity was famous for the expoſition of Ariſtotle's Ethics, as we gather from Shakeſpeare, and Languet recommended this ſtudy to Sidney. He took eſpecial pleaſure in the Politics of the ſame great philoſopher. "Of Greek literature," he told Languet, "I wiſh to learn only ſo much as ſhall ſuffice for the perfect underſtanding of Ariſtotle." Afterwards, however, he learned to love Plato. Hiſtory was at preſent his favourite ſtudy. In one of his letters he alludes to a theory, founded on the language of the Cymry, and comparing curiouſly with the reſearches of modern ſcholars, that Wales was the native country of Brennus, the conqueror of Rome. The advice which he afterwards gave to his brother Robert, doubtleſs founded on his own purſuits at this ſeaſon, contains remarks on ancient hiſtorians which ſhow that he had given to them much thoughtful attention. He alſo urges his brother to "take delight in mathematics." Speaking of Latin ſcholarſhip, he finds fault with the Oxford profeſſors for minding words to the neglect of things; and with a ſimilar downright love of reality he gives his advice about ſword exerciſe.

"When you play at weapons, I would have you get thick caps and braſers, and play out your play luſtily." In the ſame letter he writes, "Sweet brother, take a delight to keep and increaſe your muſic; you will not believe what a want I find of it in my melancholy time."

While Sidney was at Venice his portrait was painted by Paul Veroneſe. This picture does not appear to exiſt, and Languet deſcribes it as more like his brother. It is poſſible that Sidney's features might be found among the groups of noble cavaliers and ſquires with which that great artiſt filled his canvas. His figure was tall and well formed; his hair of a dark amber colour; his face reſembling that of his ſiſter Mary,* ſomewhat too feminine if criticiſed, but very beautiful. Languet afterwards received another portrait as a preſent from his friend, and of this he ſays, "It is ſo beautiful, and ſo ſtrongly reſembling you that I value nothing more. The painter has repreſented you ſad and thoughtful. I ſhould have been better pleaſed if your face had worn a more cheerful look when you ſat for the painting." In truth, he loved Sidney as if he had been his own ſon. Exiled from his native

* An excellent portrait of the Counteſs of Pembroke is in the National Collection.

country France, where he had loſt all his kindred and his deareſt friends in the civil wars and in the fatal maſſacre, the whole affection of his lonely life was centred upon the young Engliſhman whom Providence had ſent in his way to cheer his declining years. His letters to Sidney were long and frequent, and he was contented to receive occaſional replies.

After a ſojourn of eight months in Venice and Padua, Sidney left Italy in the ſummer of 1574, and paſſed through Germany rapidly on a viſit to Poland. The throne of that kingdom was then vacant. Henry of Valois, the Duke of Anjou, had been elected king the year before, after a long interregnum; but he had ſcarcely arrived from Paris when he received intelligence of the death of his brother Charles IX, by which he ſucceeded to the French crown. He deſerted his ſubjects without delay, ſtealing by night from the caſtle of Cracow, and leaving the kingdom in confuſion. But his eagerneſs to return to France did not prevent him from lingering at Venice, where he was entertained ſumptuouſly while Sidney was there. It was immediately afterwards that Sidney travelled through Poland, the condition of which was full of intereſt for ſo inquiring a ſtudent of politics. He had an oppor-

tunity of obſerving that which he deſcribes in his romance with great force of language as the worſt kind of oligarchy—the arbitrary government of nobles in the interval between two reigns. By the good offices of Languet he had introductions to ſome Poles of high rank; and it is aſſerted, with ſome probability, that he took part in a campaign againſt the Muſcovites, and gained there his firſt experience of war.* The mad Ivan, ſurnamed the Terrible, was then upon the Ruſſian throne, and had much to do to preſerve his independence between his more powerful neighbours the Poles and Tartars.

Sidney's travels led him into Hungary, where he noted with admiration the ſoldier-like bearing of the people, and their cuſtom at feaſts and ſimilar aſſemblies of ſinging heroic ballads of their anceſtors' valour. There were Hungarians ſtill living who had fought under Lewis, the laſt of their native kings, at the calamitous battle of Mohacz, when the flower of their youth and knighthood was cut off by the Turks, and an incredible number of captives ſold into ſlavery. The kingdom had been devaſtated again and again by invaſion, ſince it had been joined to the other inheritances of the houſe of Auſtria. And

* Aubrey, quoted by Pears, xlviii.

although the laſt of the great Moſlems, Soly-man the Magnificent, was dead, and the ſpring-tide of their conqueſts had begun to ſubſide, the Sultan's arms continued for many generations to be a terror to the German empire. Sidney had thought of viſiting Conſtantinople to inſpect the ſources of this formidable military power. But his leave of abſence was already expired; and, whether for this or for other reaſons, he gave up the project.

During the winter he enjoyed again the ſociety of Languet at Vienna; and in May of the follow-ing year he returned to England. He had ex-ceeded by twelve months the term for which his original permiſſion to travel was granted. The profeſſed object of his tour, to learn foreign languages, was attained indifferently well: he could read French, Italian, Spaniſh, and Dutch, and had ſtudied German a little, though he never ſucceeded in maſtering the pronunciation. He had thus acquired enough to juſtify his ſubſe-quent reputation at the Engliſh Court as a lin-guiſt; for Latin being a univerſal means of com-munication, the ſtudy of modern languages was rare. But he had made far greater proficiency in acquirements of a more valuable kind, having gained a wonderful ſtore of knowledge, both of men and books, for his age: a judgment ſcarcely

leſs found than that of an experienced ſtateſman: and a power, ſuch as few men ever poſſeſs, of apprehending the firſt principles of every ſubject, whether it pertained to religion, politics, philoſophy, or taſte. Nor did he leſs excel in the graceful arts and exerciſes of youth. Among the accompliſhed gentlemen who ſurrounded the throne of Elizabeth, he was at once obſerved by the quick eye of his Sovereign and diſtinguiſhed by her favour. She called him "her Philip," in contraſt to Philip of Spain.

Little is known of his life for the next year, during which his time was apparently paſſed chiefly at Court. In the autumn of 1576 he made a journey to Ireland, whither his father had gone as Lord Deputy. Languet expreſſed an anxious fear of the perils of his journey acroſs "the rugged Welſh mountains and the ſtormy Iriſh ſea." The Iriſh were in arms againſt the Government, and Philip, during this viſit to his father, ſaw ſome ſervice in the North under the Earl of Eſſex; of which, however, the particulars are not recorded.* Before the end of the year he came back from Ireland to the Court.

* G. Whetſtone's poem in Sir Alexander Boſwell's collection. In the Sidney Papers, ſeveral letters of the year 1576-7 have been miſplaced.

Early in 1577 his ſiſter Mary was married to Henry, Earl of Pembroke, ſon of the Earl who had commanded the Engliſh army in Flanders, and himſelf, as was afterwards proved, a wiſe and valiant nobleman, one of the foremoſt to volunteer in defence of England on the approach of the Armada, when he equipped 300 horſe and 500 foot at his own expenſe. Writing on the ſubject of this marriage to Leiceſter, in February, Sir Henry ſays, "Good my Lord, ſend Philip to me; there was never father had more need of his ſon than I have of him. Once again, good my Lord, let me have him." He was diſappointed of his ſon's viſit by a cauſe which in other reſpects muſt have gladdened his heart.

A ſpecial embaſſy was ſent in this ſpring to Rodolph, Emperor of Germany, on his acceſſion, and Philip was ſelected for ambaſſador. The charge was one of unuſual reſponſibility; for while his oſtenſible commiſſion was to condole with the young Emperor on his father's death, he was inſtructed to ſound the German princes in reference to the great queſtions of religion and policy which divided Europe. Among the heads of his inſtructions are theſe: to aſcertain the new Emperor's diſpoſition and that of his brothers; by whoſe advice he is guided; when he is likely

to marry; what princes in Germany are moſt favourably diſpoſed to him; what the ſtate of his revenue is; how he agrees with his brothers, and what portion they have. He was alſo directed to pay a ſimilar viſit of condolence and diplomacy to the Counts Palatine of the Rhine, who had lately loſt their father. An article was added, at his own inſtance, by which he had leave to ſalute at his diſcretion thoſe Princes who might be intereſted in the cauſe of the Reformed Religion, or contending for their national liberty. He was only in his twenty-third year when theſe important charges were laid upon him. His appointment was due to the Queen's perſonal eſteem, though it may probably have been in ſome meaſure promoted by the influence of Leiceſter, who had recently entertained the Queen with the celebrated revels of Kenilworth. The choice was ſignally juſtified by Sidney's conduct. In thoſe days men ſeem to have attained to maturity more early in life than at preſent. Sidney's father, for inſtance, had been ſent at the ſame age as ambaſſador to France. William of Orange had commanded the Imperial army when ſtill younger. Don John of Auſtria, at the age of twenty-ſix, had gained the great victory of Lepanto over the Turks, at the head of the united navy of

Chriſtendom. The rarity of ſuch caſes in our time is eaſily explained. The circle of knowledge is wider, ſo that ſchool education extends over a greater number of years. In the peaceful ſtate of modern ſociety there are fewer emergencies of difficulty and danger, in which ſelf-reliance is chiefly acquired. The opportunities of diſtinction are fewer, for the ſame cauſe; and while under a more equal conſtitution merit has now a ſurer proſpect of being recognized in the end, there is leſs room for favour or high rank to ſecond the advantage of brilliant talents by bringing them early into notice.

Sidney ſeems to have endeavoured, with ſome little oſtentation, to impreſs foreign nations with his dignity; if anything may be inferred from the fact which has been thought worth recording, that he cauſed his arms and titles to be emblazoned on a ſhield and ſuſpended outſide his lodgings wherever he reſted on his journey. Through life he was fond of ſplendour to a fault, and there may have been ſomething unuſual in manner which cauſed ſo trifling a circumſtance to be chronicled. But in negotiations his behaviour was peculiarly ſimple and unaffected. He truſted to the inherent power of plain truth to a degree which is not uſual in diplomacy. Of this his

interview with the Elector Palatine is an inſtance. He found him differing from his brother, Prince Caſimir, on ſome of the theological queſtions which already rent the union of the Proteſtants, and changing the form of worſhip which his father had eſtabliſhed, to introduce Lutheran miniſters. Thereupon Sidney ventured to warn him unreſervedly of the conſequences which might follow. "One thing I was bold to add in my ſpeech," he reports to the Secretary of State; "to deſire him, in her Majeſty's name, to have merciful conſideration for the Church of the religion ſo notably eſtabliſhed by his father, as in all Germany there is not ſuch a number of excellent learned men, and truly would rue any man to ſee the deſolation of them. I laid before him as well as I could the dangers of the mightieſt princes in Chriſtendom by entering into like violent changes, the wrong he ſhould do his worthy father utterly to aboliſh what he had inſtituted, and ſo as it were condemn him, beſides the example he ſhould give his poſterity to handle him the like."

He found the Emperor at Prague, and had audience with him on Eaſter Monday. According to the commands which he received, he expreſſed the Queen's grief at the loſs of the late

Emperor his father, both for public reaſons and for the private goodwill between Maximilian and herſelf; adding her Majeſty's hope that he would follow his father in his virtues and his manner of government, and further explaining to him the Queen's policy in the Netherlands. Rodolph anſwered briefly in Latin, giving her "Serenity" very great thanks, and aſſuring her of his knowledge of the goodwill which his father had borne towards her. To the latter part of the Queen's meſſage he replied vaguely, ſaying, however, that the rule he ſhould chiefly follow would be his father's imitation.

"The next day," Sidney writes, "I delivered her Majeſty's letters to the Empreſs, with the ſingular ſignification of her Majeſty's great goodwill to her, and her Majeſty's wiſhing of her to adviſe her ſon to a wiſe and peaceable government. Of the Emperor deceaſed I uſed but few words, becauſe in truth I ſaw it bred ſome trouble unto her to hear him mentioned in that kind. She anſwered me with many courteous ſpeeches, and great acknowledging of her own beholdingneſs to her Majeſty: and for her ſon, ſhe ſaid, ſhe hoped he would do well, but that for her own part ſhe had given herſelf from the world, and would not

greatly ſtir from thenceforward in it. Then did I deliver the Queen of France* her letter, ſhe ſtanding by the Empreſs, uſing ſuch ſpeeches as I thought were fit for her double ſorrow, and her Majeſty's goodwill unto her, confirmed by her wiſe and noble governing of herſelf in the time of her being in France. Her anſwer was full of humbleneſs, but ſhe ſpake ſo low that I could not underſtand many of her words. From them I went to the young Princes, and paſſed on each ſide certain compliments."

He proceeded to inform himſelf of the particulars contained in his inſtructions, of which he wrote a full report in the ſame letter to Walſingham, who was now Secretary of State. His opinion of the young Emperor was on the whole unfavourable. He deſcribes him as very Spaniſh in appearance and manners, ſtrongly inclined to wars, few of words, ſullen of diſpoſition, very ſecret and reſolute, deficient in his power of winning friends, though conſtant in keeping them. This minute deſcription of Rodolph's character, in which Sidney was doubtleſs aided by the penetration and knowledge of Languet, proved

* The widow of Charles IX, a daughter of the Emperor Maximilian.

in the main correct, but his acts ſhowed no ſigns of his warlike diſpoſition. He neglected public affairs, and ſpent his time in his ſtables or in his laboratory, leaving the adminiſtration of his kingdom and empire to bigoted Catholics.

From Prague Sidney returned to Heidelberg, where he had the interview with the Elector Palatine Lewis which has been already related. The Elector's brother Caſimir had previouſly become acquainted with Sidney, who had paſſed through Heidelberg on his way to the Imperial Court. They continued faſt friends through life. He was one of the moſt zealous Proteſtant champions, an active leader in the civil wars both of France and the Netherlands; and Sidney was inſtructed to demand of him the repayment of a loan which Elizabeth had made him on account of theſe. Caſimir, the Duke of Brunſwick, and the Landgrave William of Heſſe are named by Sidney as the only princes who were likely to enter into any Proteſtant league, and even they "rather as it were to ſerve the Queen than any way elſe." Of the other German princes he ſaid that they had "no care but how to grow rich and to pleaſe their ſenſes, thinking they ſhould be ſafe though the world were on fire about them." Already the zeal of the Reformed Churches was

cooling or expending itſelf in ſectarian controverſies. In Bohemia Sidney found indifference to the liberty of public worſhip; in Saxony, perſecution of Lutherans by Calviniſts; in the Palatinate, perſecution of Calviniſts by Lutherans. Meanwhile the Catholics regained their ſtrength; and thus the courſe of the Reformation in Germany receded, until, in the next generation, the Thirty Years' War overſpread the whole empire with miſery and ruin.

Sidney came home through the Netherlands. At Bruſſels he went to kiſs the hand of the newly appointed Viceroy, Don John of Auſtria. This Prince had filled Europe with the fame of his romantic daring; and though as yet he was at peace with Elizabeth, it was rumoured that he would before long marry Mary Queen of Scots, conquer England, and reſtore the Roman Catholic religion. He regarded himſelf as a Cruſader againſt Turks and Proteſtants alike. So he received Sidney, when he was firſt preſented to him, with more than Spaniſh haughtineſs. After a while, however, he was ſo much attracted by Sidney's brilliant qualities as to pay him a degree of reſpect and honour which aſtoniſhed thoſe who knew his diſpoſition.

With Don John's great antagoniſt Sidney be-

came acquainted immediately afterwards; for, by the Queen's ſpecial orders, he proceeded to Holland.* It had been his own earneſt deſire to viſit William of Orange, "Father William," as he was called by the Dutch, who owed to him, under God, the bleſſings of religious and civil freedom. Of the many friends by whoſe eſteem Sidney was honoured, the Prince of Orange may juſtly be regarded as the greateſt. Love of his country had led him to ſacrifice his proſperity and happineſs in a conteſt the moſt deſperate and moſt glorious, perhaps, recorded in hiſtory; and the trials of manifold calamity and innumerable cares, while fortifying his reſolute ſoul againſt human weakneſs, taught him, with increaſing years, to put his truſt in Heaven with more fervent devotion and purer faith. His outward appearance ſhowed the change which his mind had undergone. Formerly he had been conſpicuous among the ſumptuous nobles of Belgium for luxury and courtly refinement; but for many years his thoughts and his ample fortune had been abſorbed in the conflict with Spain; and a ſhort time after Sidney's viſit, Lord Brooke ſaw him at Delft, in a gown "ſuch as an Engliſh law-ſtudent

* Languet, Correſpondence, 1577.

would be aſhamed to wear," and a knit woollen waiſtcoat like that of a waterman. The burgeſſes of that town were his aſſociates, among whom he appeared as no more than their equal; though his inward greatneſs manifeſted itſelf as ſoon as he began to ſpeak to his viſitor. On that occaſion he told Lord Brooke, as a meſſage from himſelf to the Queen, that "he had been acquainted, as was well known, with all the greateſt men of Europe for many years, and that if he could judge, her Majeſty had one of the ripeſt counſellors of ſtate in Sir Philip Sidney that this day lived in Europe; on which he ſtaked his credit, till her Majeſty might be pleaſed to employ him." The meſſage remained undelivered, by Sidney's own requeſt; for he judged prudently that a commendation coming from abroad might neither advance his intereſts nor pleaſe the Queen. In this viſit of Sidney to the Prince of Orange, he is ſaid to have become ſponſor to his child.* The Princeſs gave him on his departure a gold chain and jewel, and William afterwards correſponded with him familiarly.

His opinions on the ſtate of Europe bear traces of the Prince's influence on his mind. According

* Letter of E. Waterhouſe in Sidney Papers, June, 1577.

to William, the Spaniſh king aimed at reviving the univerſal empire of ancient Rome, and for the ſake of the Pope's alliance feigned religion. France, ruled by a ſucceſſion of young and pleaſure-ſeeking princes, was of little weight in Europe; and Elizabeth was to blame for ſuffering the Proteſtants in that kingdom to fail for want of ſupport, and altogether not enough upon her guard againſt the arts of Philip. Germany was a blind inſtrument of the Spaniſh tyrant's plans. Upon this general view of the policy of Europe Elizabeth acted at length, after many years of heſitation, during which Sidney ſupported it conſtantly through favour and diſfavour.

He returned from his embaſſy in June. Walſingham immediately wrote to Sir Henry to announce the Queen's approval of his ſon's conduct in his difficult miſſion. "It was," he ſaid, "well received and liked of her Majeſty;" and he added, "The honourable opinion he hath left behind him, with all the princes with whom he had to negotiate, hath left a moſt ſweet ſavour and grateful remembrance of his name in thoſe parts. . . . There hath not been any gentleman, I am ſure, theſe many years, who hath gone through ſo honourable a charge with as great commendation as he. In conſideration whereof

I could not but communicate this part of my joy with your Lordſhip." He uſed afterwards to ſay that Philip far overſhot him with his own bow, though he had an influence in all countries, and a hand in all affairs. Another correſpondent deſcribed his embaſſy as proſperous in every reſpect. "God bleſſed him ſo, that neither man, boy, nor horſe failed him or was ſick during this journey; only Fulke Greville had an ague in his return at Rocheſter." To the affection of this conſtant friend and companion, afterwards Lord Brooke, and anceſtor of the preſent Earl of Warwick, we owe the beſt part of what is known of Sidney. They were both admitted on the ſame day to Shrewſbury ſchool, and were intimate aſſociates through life. The love which Fulke Greville bore to Sidney was little ſhort of worſhip. After outliving him half a century he cauſed this epitaph to be inſcribed on his own tomb, which may be ſeen in St Mary's Church at Warwick:—

Servant to Q. Elizabeth,
Counſellor to K. James,
and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney.
Trophæum Peccati.

The ſenſe of the laſt words is obſcure, but may probably be thus interpreted: an honourable

friendſhip is a trophy which holds up one's own faults to reproof. A ſimilar ſentiment is expreſſed in "In Memoriam:"—

"All theſe have been, and thee mine eyes
Have look'd on: if they look'd in vain,
My ſhame is greater who remain,
Nor let thy wiſdom make me wiſe."

CHAPTER III.

COURT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

"In one thing only failing of the beſt,
That he was not ſo happy as the reſt."
SPENSER'S *Aſtrophel.*

IT will not be altogether ſuperfluous to recall a few particulars of the ſtate of England when Sidney took his rank among her worthies. Looking back with juſt veneration to that heroic time, we are apt to confound the greatneſs of the men with the condition of the kingdom, and to imagine the England of Elizabeth as far more powerful; populous, and flouriſhing than it really was. For ſecurity of perſon and property, and for the comforts of ſocial life, the remote parts of Ireland or the colonies are now at leaſt as far advanced in civilization; and ſingle counties exceed in population and reſources the whole realm of Elizabeth.

At that time, moreover, Scotland, inſtead of adding to the national ſtrength, was a dangerous rival kingdom. Ireland, though nominally ſubject, was in armed rebellion under native chiefs, whoſe determined courage exerciſed all the wiſdom and energy of Sir Henry Sidney, foiled two Earls of Eſſex, and only yielded to the ſkill of Mountjoy in the year of Elizabeth's death. Nothing remained of the rich provinces of France which had belonged to earlier Britiſh ſovereigns; Calais, the laſt poſſeſſion, having in the preceding reign fallen an eaſy capture to the Duke of Guiſe. On the other hand, the vaſt colonial empire of Great Britain had not yet begun. The firſt ſucceſsful attempts at colonization were made in the reign of James, for previous expeditions ſerved only for diſcovery and knowledge hardly won by failure. Internally, England was weakened by religious diviſions ſimilar to thoſe which convulſed the reſt of Europe. Though happily the Queen's able government, and her adherence in general to the principles of the Reformation, preſerved the kingdom from civil war, ſhe was menaced by more than one formidable riſing, and her life was in danger from conſtant plots of the Papiſts for her aſſaſſination. How terrible was the mere apprehenſion of this event may be in-

ferred from a letter of the Biſhop of London on the occaſion of the maſſacre at Paris, urging the miniſters to behead the Queen of Scots without delay as a precaution for public ſafety.* Another determined adverſary to the Crown was ſlowly riſing in the faction of the Puritans, who began to threaten the Conſtitution with republican theories of Church and State which they had learned from Geneva. As yet, however, the great body of the nation was bound together by the common fear of the Pope and the King of Spain. Minor differences were compoſed by the dreadful remembrance of the fires of Smithfield, and the more recent and ſweeping atrocities of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands. But beſides the uncertainty of the ſucceſſion and the horror of Papal and Spaniſh tyranny, other cauſes confirmed the loyalty of the Engliſh to their Proteſtant ſovereign, ſo that it grew to be a kind of religion.

The extraordinary worſhip which Elizabeth received was very characteriſtic of that epoch. It was the age of tranſition from the days of chivalry to thoſe of regular government. The reſpect for women which belonged to the former, and had been their ſhield againſt lawleſs violence,

* Letters publiſhed by Sir H. Ellis.

continued in full vigour ſtill as a ſentiment: but women no longer ſtood in need of ſuch protection; and knights who were ambitious to prove their gallantry were driven to ſeek adventures which did not readily offer themſelves. Extravagant feats of courage and fantaſtic devotion had become a faſhion both in England and France; and in Spain their prevalence is ſtill more notorious from the ridicule which was caſt upon them in the Romance of Don Quixote.

Thus, as a Maiden Queen, the only one who had ever reigned over any nation known in hiſtory, Elizabeth was a peculiar object of reverence to the knighthood and gentry of England. If this had been all, her popularity might have been limited to the upper claſſes of ſociety; but the maſs of the nation was diſpoſed to revere the Queen for another reaſon, which acquired from aſſociation a certain degree of ſacredneſs. The Royal ſupremacy was the moſt tangible point at iſſue with the Pope, to the multitude who had not learning nor inclination for deep queſtions of theology. The ſtrong national deſire, expreſſed by the words of Shakeſpeare,—

"That no Italian prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our dominion,"

had grown to be almoſt univerſal ſince the reign

of Mary, and had attached to the Reformation many lukewarm Chriſtians who had beſtowed no ſerious thought on the principles of ſaving faith which were involved. The ill-taught populace ſaw for the moſt part with regret the images of their ſaints caſt down in the churches, and miſſed the obſervance of their feſtivals. It would be unreaſonable to ſuppoſe that the idolatrous worſhip of human excellence ſhould on a ſudden have been altogether extinguiſhed when the old idols were ſwept away; but one form which it aſſumed is curious, and could ſcarcely have been anticipated. Saint worſhip paſſed over into hero worſhip.

Comparing the writers of Elizabeth's time with our own, we cannot but obſerve the fulſome praiſe which it was cuſtomary to laviſh on eminent men whether diſtinguiſhed by virtue, genius, or courage. We at the preſent day are ſo much inclined to the oppoſite extreme of irreverent criticiſm, that we find it hard to underſtand how honeſt and rational men could uſe ſuch language as was common, eſpecially in ſpeaking of the Queen. The truth appears to be that a habit of veneration, originally directed to Roman Catholic ſaints, continued for a while after the removal of its objects; and Elizabeth ſtrangely ſucceeded in a qualified de-

gree to the idolatry of the Virgin Queen of Heaven. Mary has always been regarded by Catholics as in ſome ſenſe the Church perſonified. Elizabeth claimed for herſelf the title of Head of the Church, to which long uſe had given a myſterious and awful import.* Nor is it an inſignificant circumſtance that Proteſtants applied to Elizabeth the viſion in the Apocalypſe, of the woman whom the great Dragon perſecuted. For that myſtical woman, crowned with ſtars and clothed with the ſun, had been for centuries a familiar image of Mary, and an object of adoration.

Thus Faith and Chivalry combined to inveſt Elizabeth with attributes borrowed from the fading ſuperſtitions of each; and her temperament led her to make the moſt of theſe advantages. Her appetite for praiſe was boundleſs; no adulation was too profane or too coarſe to gratify her; while her wiſdom ſaw the importance of winning and preſerving the popular goodwill

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* "Not choice
But habit rules the unreflecting herd,
And airy bands are hardeſt to diſown:
Hence, with the ſpiritual ſovereignty transferred
Unto itſelf, the Crown aſſumes a voice
Of reckleſs maſtery, hitherto unknown."
WORDSWORTH.

which was the only ſure ſupport of her throne. The imperiouſneſs with which ſhe exerciſed her authority, in the government both of the State and of the Church, may fairly be called tyrannical. Yet ſhe was not altogether unworthy of her glory. Her high and reſolute ſpirit extorted the unwilling admiration of her bittereſt enemies, and the hearts of her people thrilled at the words in which ſhe defied the greateſt king and the greateſt captain of the time. Her feminine weakneſſes were ſo far reſtrained by prudence that they never loſt her the love or reſpect of her ſubjects. Though fond of dreſs and magnificence, ſhe was frugal; and her partialities were balanced by a careful regard to the public ſervice and to the advice of wiſe counſellors. Neither Leiceſter nor Eſſex gained that aſcendancy in the government which James and Charles permitted to their favourites. Her ſurpriſing diſcernment alſo ſaved her preferences from the blame of folly. For inſtance, when her handſome captain of the guard, Sir Chriſtopher Hatton, was made Lord Chancellor, the lawyers were furious; but in a ſhort time he not only won general eſteem by his urbanity and induſtry, but ſhowed legal abilities which no one had ſuſpected.

A natural reſult of the Queen's influence and character was that perſonal rivalries were mixed up with politics undiſguiſedly. In the highflown ſtyle of the Court, Elizabeth's preſence was the ſun, and to ſeek her goodwill was to ſeek light and warmth which were neceſſary to life. The moſt approved warriors and ſtateſmen were obliged to become courtiers, and to enliſt in their ſervice every art which could delight the mind or the eye. Beauty of face and figure, taſte and ſplendour in apparel, ſkill in the tournament or in the dance, and, not leaſt, a happy turn of flattery, were as ſerviceable as real worth in bringing into notice the fortunate aſpirant; and if, like Raleigh, he had ſolid qualities beſides thoſe which were on the ſurface, his voice was ſoon liſtened to when the affairs of Europe were debated, whatever might have been his rank or parentage. England was overflowing with generous enthuſiaſm, heroic enterpriſe, and widely-ranging ambition, of all which Elizabeth's court was the centre. Among the hoſt of young men that were attracted thither Sidney had every title to diſtinction, and the Queen received him after his return from Germany with higher favour than before. She made him her cupbearer, an office

which was not without reſponſibility or peril of poiſon; and ſhe alſo gave him a lock of her hair.* On New Year's Day it was her cuſtom to interchange preſents with many of the gentlemen and ladies of her Court. In ſome liſts of theſe which have been preſerved Sidney's name appears firſt among the eſquires who received the Queen's gifts, which were always of gold plate.† The preſents which he made in return were various. In 1578 he gave her "a ſmock of cambric edged with gold lace;" in 1579, "a waiſtcoat of white ſarcenet, quilted and embroidered with gold and ſilver and ſilk of various colours;" in 1580, "a cup of cryſtal with a cover;" in 1583, "a jewel of gold, like a caſtle, garniſhed with ſmall diamonds on the one ſide, being a pot to ſet flowers in." Elizabeth conferred on him among other penſions a ſinecure in Wales which was afterwards given to George Herbert by James I.

Sidney took his honours without baſe ambition or vanity. He did not ſeek the high ſtation which ſeemed to be within his reach. The influence which royal favour and his own talents gave him was employed for the welfare of his country, for

* This is preſerved at Wilton with ſome verſes of Sidney's.

† Nicholls: Progreſſes of Queen Elizabeth.

the vindication of his friends, for the patronage of deſerving men of every kind. For theſe ends he was willing to forego his private advancement. Nor did he chooſe to practiſe the falſe and ſervile adulation towards Elizabeth which ſhe exacted as a right. So far, indeed, as courteſy required, he complied with the prevailing faſhion, as appears in the Maſque which he wrote for the Queen's entertainment at Wanſtead. Yet his love of truth and manly courage led him to utter his mind with a ſincerity which, while it commanded and retained her eſteem, left her ſelf-love diſſatisfied. While others gave themſelves up to win favour in her eyes, Sidney preferred to pay his court where honours more genuine and more enduring were to be won. He became known not in England only, but throughout Europe, as the friend of men of letters. Poets, ſcholars, muſicians, engineers, navigators, hiſtorians, thronged his houſe to receive aſſiſtance from his open purſe, and encouragement from his enthuſiaſm, which was ever ready to be kindled by any noble idea. His London reſidence was the houſe of Leiceſter, near where Temple Bar now ſtands; and his proſpective inheritance of the Earl's eſtates, as well as thoſe of his other childleſs uncle, the Earl of Warwick, added conſiderable value to his

patronage. But the ſupport which he gave by his name and money was made doubly precious by his fine taſte and ſtill more exquiſite delicacy of feeling. The dedications which he received were almoſt innumerable.* The great ſcholar Henry Stephens inſcribed a work to him; and ſent him a copy of the Greek Teſtament, with a tenderly affectionate letter. Dr. Powell, the author of a Hiſtory of Wales, addreſſed his book to Sidney, exhorting him to thank God for his good gifts, and uſe them to the glory of God and to his country's benefit. Other books dedicated to him were Hakluyt's firſt volume of Voyages, the Poetica Geographia of Lambert Dané, the firſt Engliſh Tranſlation of Taſſo, a verſion of a Spaniſh Treatiſe on the Art of War, and a work by Theophilus Banco, on the Logic of Ramus, which was the favourite ſtudy of Sidney's friend and ſecretary William Temple, and engaged the thoughts of learned men much till it was ſuperſeded by the bolder theories of Deſcartes and the philoſophy of Bacon.

One of Sidney's friends, Giordano Bruno, has obtained an unenviable celebrity. He was burnt

* Dr. Zouch has given a copious liſt of theſe at the end of his Life of Sidney.

by the Inquiſition for a book which he had dedicated to Sidney, and his memory was branded with the name of Atheiſt. It was a common art of the Papiſts to ſtigmatize thus any one whoſe ſpeculations diſturbed their eaſe or their bigotry, and Bruno was one of the leaſt cautious among the philoſophical inquirers of whom the age was rife. The nominal offence for which he was brought to the ſtake ſeems to have been that he held the theory of the plurality of worlds, which has ſince found orthodox advocates. His real crime was that he derided the fables of the Church of Rome.

Poſterity owes a deep obligation to Sidney in reſpect of Edmund Spenſer. He was the firſt to recognize the rare poetical powers of the author of the Faery Queen. He invited him to Penſhurſt, and in friendly converſations encouraged the baſhful poet to unfold the treaſures of his rich and beautiful mind. There, perhaps, Spenſer compoſed his Shepherd's Calendar, which he dedicated to Sidney:—

> "Go, little book, thyſelf preſent,
> A child whoſe parent is unkent,
> To him who is the Preſident
> Of nobleneſs and chivalry."

Sidney is generally ſuppoſed to have introduced

him to Leiceſter, by whom he was brought to the notice of Elizabeth.

There is a popular tale that Spenſer, while yet in obſcurity, ſent a portion of the Faery Queen to Sidney, who was ſo much delighted with it that he promiſed the author 50*l.* for the firſt ſtanza, and as much more for the next, until the ſum amounted to 200*l.*, when he ordered his ſteward to pay the poet at once, and ſend him away, leſt he ſhould ruin himſelf by reading more. Tradition ſpecifies the powerful deſcription of the Cave of Deſpair, in the ninth Canto of the firſt Book, ſtanzas 33 to 36. In itſelf the anecdote is improbable in a high degree; but ſuch fables are not altogether valueleſs as illuſtrating common opinion; and this one diſplays, while it exaggerates, Sidney's common repute for liberality and for warm admiration of Spenſer. Another tradition, relating to the ſame part of Spenſer's poem, is more likely to be true; that the author intended to portray Sidney in his character of Prince Arthur. There is alſo ſome ground for ſuppoſing that the plan of the poem may have been originally ſuggeſted by Sidney.

A ſingle exception to Sidney's univerſal favour to men of letters only puts his geniality in a more pleaſing light. One Stephen Goſſon wrote an

attack on poets and poetry, and presumed to dedicate his book to Sidney, for which he was, as Spenser relates, "scorned: if at least it be in the goodness of that nature to scorn."

At the same time Sidney was himself acquiring fame as a poet. His verses, though only circulated in manuscript, were much read and praised about the Court, and his sayings were in every one's mouth. His father, in a letter to Robert Sidney soon after Philip's return from Germany, writes thus: "Follow the direction of your most loving brother: imitate his virtues, studies, and actions; he is a rare ornament of this age, the very formular that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our Court do form their manners and life by. . . . . In truth, I speak it without flattery of him or of myself, he hath the most rare virtues that ever I found in any man."

In the particulars of Sidney's life there are more instances than one in which he is to be blamed. There would be some excuse for treating these faults lightly; for in no respect did he belie his renown as a true-hearted gentleman. They might almost be passed over in silence without disingenuousness. Yet both virtue and truth are too holy to be misrepresented for the sake of any one's fame, and the highest examples are in

favour of ſetting down fairly in a good man's life his errors and ſhortcomings. The ſins of Sidney are outbreaks of a vehement ſoul, frank and generous even in its exceſſes, and tempered with a hearty love of virtue; ſuch ſins as few men would live without committing, and many would repeat without ſcruple: ſuch ſins, nevertheleſs, as ſhould be remembered with ſhame, as theſe were by Sidney. Reſentment, paſſionate love and pride, emotions which no law, but only the Spirit of Chriſt, can govern, overcame him under circumſtances of extraordinary provocation. As far as his actions are concerned he paſſed through theſe temptations blameleſs, but neither in thought nor in word was he innocent.

Immediately on his return to England he became involved in party conteſt on his father's account. Sir Henry Sidney's government in Ireland had been aſſailed by a ſtrong faction at home, and Philip was compelled to decline Prince Caſimir's invitation to join the army of the Netherlands, for fear that his father's cauſe ſhould ſuffer by his abſence. "I ſtrive between honour and neceſſity," wrote Sir Henry. "If you think not my matters of that weight and difficulty, but that they may well enough by myſelf or ſome other without your aſſiſtance be brought to an honour-

able end, I will not be againſt your determination." A new form of land-tax, which had been impoſed by Sir Henry on the Engliſh Pale, led indirectly to ſeveral acrimonious diſputes. The Earl of Ormond, whoſe intereſt at the Court was great, having obtained from the Queen the exemption of his property, Sir Henry remonſtrated againſt this partiality as a great and juſt cauſe of diſcontent to others. His expoſtulations were coldly received, and he began to hear rumours that he was about to be recalled. He complained indignantly to the Queen,—" When I look into the ſervice that I have done, the care and travail that I have taken, and the ſound conſcience I bear that I have ſerved you faithfully, truly, and profitably, I cannot but lament with ſorrow of heart and grief of mind to receive ſuch ſharp and bitter letters from your Majeſty; which ſo much have perplexed me in body and mind ſince I received them, as I ſhall find no comfort till your Majeſty be fully informed and thoroughly ſatisfied how I have been miſreported to you; and they that ſo have informed you receive the juſt reward of their untruths." Political matters were conducted with ſo much ſecreſy that he was not able to aſcertain who were his enemies, but he naturally ſuſpected the Earl of Ormond. Philip entertained the ſame

ſuſpicion. His dutiful affection led him to take his father's part with warmth; and the more ſo as he believed him to have been foully wronged. On one occaſion Ormond ſpoke to him at Court, and he remained ſilent with marked intention. The expectation of a quarrel cauſed ſome excitement in the Court at Oatlands; but the Earl ſaid "he would accept no quarrel from a young gentleman that is bound by nature to defend his father's cauſes, and who is by nature furniſhed with ſo many virtues as he knew Mr. Philip to be." Philip was touched by his magnanimity, and they were ſoon afterwards reconciled.

A more ſerious incident is connected with the ſame affairs. Sir Henry Sidney's deſpatches were communicated, as he thought, to his enemies. Whatever meſſages paſſed between his ſon and himſelf became known to them. The perſon upon whom Philip's ſuſpicion fell was Molyneux, Sir Henry's ſecretary; to whom he wrote the following violent letter:—

"MR. MOLYNEUX,

"FEW words are beſt. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of ſome; neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be ſo, you have played the very knave with me; and ſo I

will make you know if I have good proof of it. But that for ſo much as is paſt. For that is to come, I aſſure you before God, that if ever I know you to do as much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment, or my conſent, I will thruſt my dagger into you. And truſt to it, for I ſpeak it in earneſt. In the meantime, farewell. From Court, this laſt of May, 1578, by me,

"PHILIP SIDNEY."

Molyneux's reply is a temperate and dignified defence of himſelf againſt this ſuſpicion, which ſeems to have been groundleſs. He remained for many years in the ſervice of the family; and Philip had occaſion to ſolicit his intereſt in Ireland on behalf of Lord Brooke and of himſelf. An eloquent and affectionate memoir of Sir Henry, Lady Mary, and Philip, which is appended to Holinſhed's Chronicle, is from the pen of Molyneux.

Sir Henry Sidney was recalled in the ſame year, 1578, much to the regret of the Iriſh, whom he had ruled with great moderation and equity, but to his own joy; for he looked upon his reſidence in Ireland as an exile; and as he was ſailing homeward, he applied to himſelf the Pſalm,

"When Iſrael came out of Egypt, and the houſe of Jacob from among a ſtrange people."* His immediate ſucceſſor was Sir William Drury, who was followed, in 1580, by Lord Arthur Grey of Wilton, the Artegall of Spenſer's poem.

Previouſly to theſe events, the affairs of Ireland had bred another trouble, which brought laſting ſorrow to Philip. He was affianced to Lady Penelope Devereux, daughter of Walter, Earl of Eſſex, before he went as Ambaſſador to Vienna. Probably the match was on both ſides contracted by the parents without reference to the perſons chiefly concerned; for Penelope was almoſt a child, and Philip did not entertain at that time any ſtrong affection for her. In September, 1576, the Earl of Eſſex died. In his laſt illneſs he ſpoke much of Philip Sidney, who hurried to Dublin to ſee him, but too late.† His death was ſudden; and a rumour aroſe that he had been poiſoned by Leiceſter. Sir Henry Sidney cauſed an inquiry to be made, which led to no concluſive reſult. Eſſex's death was cauſed, without doubt, by Leiceſter's double dealing; though it may be queſtioned whether he was guilty of the

* Moore: Hiſtory of Ireland.

† State Papers, MS. vol. clix.

odious charge which was generally whiſpered, and confirmed in popular opinion by his ſecret marriage with Eſſex's widow ſoon afterwards. The deceaſed earl was a devout Chriſtian, a gallant ſoldier, and exemplary in every relation of life. His diſpoſition was of that guileleſs kind which is goaded into fury by craft in others; and he had been rendered miſerable by Leiceſter both in his own home and in his Iriſh campaigns. It had been the wiſh of his heart that his daughter Penelope ſhould marry Philip Sidney, whom he took pleaſure in calling, by anticipation, his ſon. Whether for political or for perſonal reaſons, Sir Henry cooled towards the project; and after Eſſex's death ſhowed ſome diſpoſition to break it off: but he ſeems to have been hindered by the high reſpect in which all men held the memory of Eſſex. When Philip returned from Holland, in 1577, Penelope Devereux was growing into womanhood. Soon he began to diſcover in her every grace of mind and perſon. She was by common conſent very lovely and witty; of a character not unlike her brother Robert's, ſubject to noble impulſes of affection and generoſity, but unſtable. The end of her life, equally with his, though in a different way, was ſad and ſhameful. In her youth, however, ſhe ſeems to have

been worthy of Sidney's love. Gradually his admiration for her grew to a paſſionate affection. In his own words:—

> "Not at firſt ſight, nor with a dribbed ſhot,
> Love gave the wound which, while I breathe, will bleed;
> But known worth did in mine of time proceed,
> Till by degrees it had full conqueſt got."*

But now various obſtacles interpoſed, and he bitterly regretted his loſt opportunity:—

> "I might, unhappy word! O me! I might,
> And then would not, or could not, ſee my bliſs."†

His proſpects were blighted by the birth of a ſon to Leiceſter in 1579. At a tilt ſoon afterwards Philip changed the motto upon his ſhield, *Spero*, to *Speravi*, croſſed out. For he was no longer his uncle's heir; and Lady Leiceſter, a ſelfiſh and vulgar-minded woman, deſired a more ambitious match for Penelope than a mere eſquire. Beſides, the Sidneys were not rich. Their princely ſtate and liberality had kept their fortune ſo low that Sir Henry was reduced to aſk Leiceſter for 2000 crowns as a portion for his daughter Mary. Lady Penelope was, however, ſtill young, and remained unmarried for two years more. Her

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* Sonnet II. † Sonnet XXXIII.

reſidence at Leiceſter Houſe brought her into intimate familiarity with Philip, and he perſiſted in cheriſhing his love with an ardour which was to ſharpen his future deſpair.

It is ſtrange that Shakeſpeare's editors have overlooked the parallel between the plot of Hamlet and the circumſtances which were aſſociated by popular ſuſpicion with the death of Eſſex. Sidney's likeneſs has more than once been traced in the words of Ophelia:—

"The courtier's, ſcholar's, ſoldier's, eye, tongue, ſword,
The expectancy and roſe of the fair ſtate,
The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form,
The obſerved of all obſervers."

A cloſer analogy between Sidney and the Prince of Denmark ſeems to have been unſuſpected. Yet we have before us, in the preceding incidents, the very outline of Hamlet, and originals of the chief characters. The beginning of Sidney's griefs was the death of his adopted father under the ſuſpicion of poiſon adminiſtered by his uncle, who married the widow with indecent haſte, ſimilar to that which is deſcribed in the play:—

"The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables."

Both Shakeſpeare and his audience would cer-

tainly be reminded of ſo notorious a ſcandal by the old Daniſh tale which he choſe for the foundation of his tragedy. The earlieſt notices of a play of Hamlet occur about the time of Leiceſter's death, and within a few years of the appearance of the libel which has chiefly given publicity to this charge againſt him. Sidney, it is true, had no doubt of his uncle's innocence. The parallel cannot be preſſed into detail without confounding the eſſential differences of poetry and hiſtory; though ſeveral curious counterparts may be obſerved, eſpecially Horatio and Languet. But Sidney's writings certainly exhibit a phaſe of brooding irreſolution in his life. This tranſient phaſe Shakeſpeare ſeems to have caught, and elaborated into the moſt profound and finiſhed of all types of character, uſing ſuch incidents as would beſt develope his own idea. The conjecture will not appear extravagant if Hamlet be conſidered in his brighter aſpects, not only as diſtracted with melancholy, but as the accompliſhed ſwordſman, the patron and critic of the players, the brilliant wit, the gallant champion, made priſoner alone through his forwardneſs.* Sidney's ſelf-reproach is thoroughly in Hamlet's ſtrain:—

* It has been ſuppoſed, not without probability, that the famous allegorical ſpeech of Oberon, in "Midſummer Night's

"My youth doth waſte, my knowledge brings forth toys,
My wit doth ſtrive thoſe paſſions to defend
Which for reward ſpoil it with vain annoys.
I ſee, my courſe to loſe myſelf doth bend;
I ſee, and yet no greater ſorrow take
Than that I loſe no more for Stella's ſake." *

While he was thus abſorbed in his own affection the expected marriage of the Queen became a matter of anxiety to the whole nation. Numerous ſuitors had been propoſed for Elizabeth; among whom Sidney's friend, Prince Caſimir, offered himſelf, with ſlight hope of ſucceſs. He came, notwithſtanding, to England in Jan. 1579, and brought in his ſuite Languet, who undertook the journey for the purpoſe of ſeeing Sidney once more, and was rejoiced to hear his praiſes from the Queen's own lips. Some diſappointment, however, mingled with Languet's pleaſure: he would rather have ſeen Sidney fighting in the ranks of the Proteſtant heroes on the Continent. "It was a delight to me laſt winter," he wrote, "to ſee you high in favour and enjoying the eſteem of all your countrymen; but, to ſpeak plainly, the habits of your Court ſeemed to me ſomewhat leſs manly than I could have wiſhed; and moſt of your noblemen appeared to me to

Drearn," has a covert alluſion to Leiceſter's marriage with Lady Eſſex. See Craik's Romance of the Peerage, I. 74.

* Sonnet XVIII.

ſeek for a reputation more by a kind of affected courteſy than by thoſe virtues which are wholeſome to the State, and which are moſt becoming to generous ſpirits, and to men of high birth. I was ſorry, therefore, and ſo were other friends of yours, to ſee you waſting the flower of your life on ſuch things; and I feared leſt that noble nature of yours ſhould be dulled." Sidney was aroufed by the project of an alliance between Elizabeth and Francis Duke of Anjou, which had been in treaty for many years, and now was aſſuming the form of an engagement. Public and private motives conſpired to recommend this marriage to the Queen, and Burleigh, after a careful balance of oppoſing arguments, decided in its favour. The policy of an union between England and France, to counteract the overwhelming power of Spain, was very apparent. In France there was good reaſon to believe that the great faction of the League was in correſpondence with Philip II, whoſe earneſt deſire to regain the kingdom of England, by any means, was well known. The war in the Netherlands afforded moſt alarming proofs of the ſkill of his generals, and of the courage and diſcipline of his army; while their ſucceſs was likely to encourage them to greater enterpriſes.

Hence Elizabeth had been fearful of breaking with France. She had forborne to reſent the perſecution of the Huguenots, and even the great crime of St. Bartholomew's day did not interrupt the alliance; though many of her ſtateſmen, and Sidney among them, advocated a bolder policy. He often ſaid that "our true-heartedneſs to the Reformed Religion brought peace, and ſafety, and freedom to us." Temporiſing, he ſaid, was falſe both to God and man, and likely to be forſaken of both. But the Queen liſtened more willingly to the counſellors who, like Burleigh, recommended caution. There was no prince then unmarried whoſe alliance gave ſo much promiſe of defence againſt Philip of Spain as Anjou. Not only was he brother to the King of France, but in 1578 he was invited by the revolted Provinces of the Netherlands to bring a French army to their defence. In caſe of his ſucceſs, Elizabeth had to provide for the ſecurity of Engliſh and Proteſtant intereſts. To Anjou, on the other hand, it was ſtill more important to gain the co-operation of England in his enterpriſe.

Perſonally, alſo, the Queen was inclined towards the marriage. The French prince, though ill-made and plain-featured, was not unattractive. He was proficient in his national art of flattering

without ſeeming to flatter; and Elizabeth was at this time more than uſually ſenſible of her lonely ſtate, being deeply offended with Leiceſter. His ſecret marriage, diſcovered to her by the French Ambaſſador, if the common ſtory may be believed, made her ſo angry that ſhe threatened to ſend him to the Tower. She was not only indignant at the ſcandal, but jealous; for, though ſhe did not herſelf chooſe to marry him, ſhe was willing to receive from him the homage of a ſuitor, and his excluſive devotion gratified her. The wife whom Leiceſter had choſen was obnoxious to her, with good reaſon; and though ſhe ſoon reſtored him to favour, and ſanctioned by her preſence the public celebration of his wedding,* ſhe could no longer rely on him with the ſame confidence as before. It is probable that this incident diſpoſed her to accept an offer of marriage from Anjou. Leiceſter, as was natural, oppoſed the project vehemently. The Engliſh people in general diſliked it; but it was perilous to expreſs an opinion contrary to the Queen's will. Stubbs, a barriſter, who wrote a pamphlet entitled, "The Gulph in which England will be ſwallowed by the French Marriage," was condemned to loſe his right hand:

* Sept. 1578. Nicholls: Progreſſes.

a ſentence which he bore with memorable fortitude, waving his cap with the other, and crying, "Long live Queen Beſs!" Nevertheleſs, Sidney ventured to lay before the Queen with great plainneſs the dangers which the marriage threatened to herſelf and to her people. Having already declared his opinion to Elizabeth by word of mouth, he addreſſed to her, in the winter of 1579,* a letter, remarkable for its courage, and no leſs for its wiſdom and eloquence. His audacity was juſtified to his own conſcience by his being urged to this ſtep by "ſome whom he was bound to obey," as he informed Languet; but he took the whole reſponſibility upon himſelf.

This famous letter is addreſſed, "Moſt feared and beloved, moſt ſweet and gracious Sovereign;" and he enters without apology upon his ſubject: "Carrying no other olive branch of interceſſion than the laying of myſelf at your feet, ... I will, in ſimple and direct terms, (as hoping they ſhall only come to your merciful eyes,) ſet down the overflowing of my mind in this moſt important matter, importing, as I think, the con-

* Commonly dated 1580; but Languet's correſpondence ſhows it muſt have been written before the beginning of the year.

tinuance of your ſafety; and, as I know, the joys of my life."

England, he ſaid, was divided into two great parties. The Proteſtants, to whom ſhe had granted the free exerciſe of the eternal truth, and who were her chief, if not her ſole ſtrength, would be galled to ſee her "take for a huſband a Frenchman and Papiſt, in whom the very common people well know this, that he is the ſon of the Jezebel of our age;" and himſelf, no leſs than his brother, a treacherous perſecutor of the Huguenots. The other party, the Papiſts, he deſcribes as malcontent, doubtful of Elizabeth's title to the throne, numerous, rich, united, and wanting only a head, which they would have in Anjou. Of the Prince's ambition and fickleneſs Sidney ſpeaks with little reſerve, giving reaſons for apprehenſion that he might bring French troops into England, and reminding the Queen of "his inconſtant temper towards his brother, his thruſting himſelf into the Low Country matters, his ſometimes ſeeking the King of Spain's daughter, ſometimes your Majeſty." Glancing at the bad faith of the family, he ſays, "I will temper my ſpeeches from any other unreverend diſgracings of him, (though they might be never ſo true)." Yet a little further on he contraſts him thus with Elizabeth, as

ill-matched together—"he embracing all ambitious hopes, having Alexander's image in his head, but perhaps ill-painted: your Majeſty, with excellent virtue, taught what you ſhould hope; and by no leſs wiſdom, what you may hope."

"Often," he urges, "have I heard you with proteſtation ſay, that no private pleaſure nor ſelf-affection could lead you to it;" and he combats her alleged motives: the fear of ſtanding alone in reſpect of foreign dealings, and contempt in thoſe from whom ſhe ſhould have reſpect. Denying that ſhe ſuffers any injury from theſe cauſes, he reminds her how odious her ſiſter Mary's marriage with a ſtranger had been to the people, and concludes his argument thus:—"For your ſtanding alone, you muſt take it for a ſingular honour God hath done you, to be indeed the only protector of His Church. Againſt contempt, if there be any, which I will never believe; let your excellent virtues of piety, juſtice, and liberality, daily, if it be poſſible, more and more ſhine." "Not to be evil ſpoken of, neither Chriſt's holineſs nor Cæſar's might could ever prevent or warrant; there being for that no other rule than ſo to do as they may not juſtly ſay evil of you."

The effects of this letter did not appear immediately. For three years the marriage continued

to be impending, though the Queen was eventually perſuaded to break off the engagement. Her prolonged heſitation is aſcribed in part to Sidney's remonſtrances, which ſhe pondered often and anxiouſly. She forgave the boldneſs of ſpeech which he had uſed; but his opinions brought to him ſome loſs of favour. Contrary to his own intention, the letter became known,* which diſpleaſed the Queen, and incenſed againſt him the party which was inclined to the French alliance.

Of this party the Earl of Oxford was one of the moſt influential. He had married Lord Burleigh's daughter Anne, the ſame who in her childhood had been contracted to Sidney. He delighted the Queen by his accompliſhments, and ſtill more by his preſents of embroidered gloves, and other new inventions which he brought from Italy. His affectation of foreign manners made him an object of popular ridicule; but his talents were various and brilliant. He received from Elizabeth the prize at a tournament about this time, when Sidney was one of the four challengers with him. As a poet he had a reputation which lives to the preſent day, and the lateſt anthologies include ſome of his verſes. His ability as a ſtateſ-

* Languet's Correſp.

man was alſo conſiderable. To theſe qualifications he added a family name among the nobleſt in Europe, high rank, and a rich eſtate which he had not yet ſpent. His morals, however, were bad, and his temper overbearing. Sidney, about the time that his letter was written, was playing tennis in the court of the palace, when Oxford entered, and inſolently bade him make room for him; on which Sidney anſwered, that, "if his lordſhip had been pleaſed to expreſs deſire in milder characters, perchance he might have led out thoſe that he ſhould find would not be driven out." The Earl retorted by calling Sidney a puppy. Unfortunately the French ambaſſadors had audience that day, and being in the private galleries which overlooked the tennis-court of Whitehall, preſſed to the windows to ſee and enjoy the quarrel. Sidney, obſerving this, and feeling himſelf to be in the preſence of many enemies, grew warmer, and demanded of the Earl in a loud voice what he had ſaid; Oxford thereupon repeated the inſult, and Sidney rejoined by giving him the lie direct, which was not to be miſtaken by the punctilious as a provocation to a duel. With a few more angry words, Sidney quitted the tennis-court, unwilling to make the Queen's palace the ſcene of a brawl, or to lower the dig-

nity of his nation in the preſence of foreigners. His departure was miſconſtrued by the Earl, who proceeded to his game, with little advantage, as was thought, to his reputation. Having waited in ſuſpenſe for a day, expecting a challenge from Oxford, Sidney ſent a friend "to awake him out of his trance."*

A duel had not yet loſt its ancient ſignificance as analogous in nature to a court of juſtice. Thus Sidney, a few years afterwards, defied the anonymous libeller of his uncle; offering to "prove upon" his body the untruth of his charges. There was probably no one in Queen Elizabeth's Court who would have ſcrupled to give or accept a challenge, or queſtion the morality of duelling any more than that of war. Inaſmuch as Sidney was high-principled and thoughtful beyond others, he deſerves ſome meaſure of blame for complying with an unchriſtian faſhion. But it is never fair to cenſure a man by the ſtandard of a later age. There is a ſlow and fitful progreſs in the morals of the world, and when we look back through hiſtory to the names which are aſſociated with moſt eminent virtue, we find their excellence depending mainly upon greatneſs or purity of heart,

* Brooke.

not on exemption from the common faults of their contemporaries. Languet wrote to Sidney, "I am aware that by a habit inveterate in all Chriſtendom a gentleman is diſgraced if he does not reſent ſuch an inſult, but ſtill I think you were unfortunate to be drawn into this contention, though I ſee that no blame is to be attached to you for it."* He conſidered, however, that Sidney went further than he ought, after retorting the inſult offered to him by giving the lie, in being the challenger.† Prince Caſimir ſent word to Sidney, expreſſing his ſympathy and his willingneſs to aſſiſt him. Sidney himſelf wrote to Hatton:— "As for the matter depending between the Earl of Oxford and me, certainly, ſir, howſoever I might have forgiven him, I ſhould never have forgiven myſelf, if I had lain under ſo proud an injury as he would have laid upon me; neither can anything under the ſun make me repent it, nor any miſery make me go one half word back from it. Let him, therefore, as he will, digeſt it. For my part, I think tying up makes ſome things ſeem fiercer than they would be."‡

* Pears' Sidney's Correſp.

† Lord Hailes' Languetí Epiſtolæ: a paſſage not inſerted in Pears.

‡ Wright's Elizabeth, II. 101.

Oxford hesitated long between pride and anger: thinking it beneath his dignity to fight a duel with a commoner; and so much time elapsed that the Lords of the Council interfered and tried to make peace. Failing in their attempts, they appealed to the Queen, who undertook to settle the matter herself. She accordingly sent for Sidney, and laid before him "the difference in degree between earls and gentlemen, the respect inferiors owed to their superiors, and the necessity in princes to maintain their own creations, as the degrees descending between the people's licentiousness and the anointed sovereignty of crowns; how the gentleman's neglect of the nobility taught the peasant to insult upon both."

Sidney replied firmly, vindicating himself by arguments, the independence of which was softened by characteristic grace in the manner of stating them. "That place was never intended for privilege to wrong," he urged from her own example; who, as he said, "how sovereign soever she were by throne, birth, education, and nature, yet was she content to cast her own affections into the same mould as her subjects did, and to govern by their laws." He besought Elizabeth to remember that Oxford, "though a great lord, was no lord over him; and therefore the diffe-

rence of degrees among freemen could not challenge any other homage than precedency." He alſo appealed to her prudence, inſtancing the policy of her father Henry VIII, who thought it wiſe by upholding the gentry to guard the throne againſt the ambition of the grandees.

It was afterwards ſtated that Oxford ſent Raleigh and another gentleman to Sidney, propoſing an honourable agreement, that Sidney had acceded, but that Oxford's overtures were a cloak for a plot to murder Sidney in his bed. This accuſation proceeds apparently from a bitter enemy of the Earl.*

Shortly after this, Sidney retired for a time from the Court. This ſtep has been aſcribed to his unwillingneſs to make an apology for a wrong in which he was the injured party. But it appears from Languet's correſpondence that he was chiefly induced to withdraw himſelf by the prevailing influence of Anjou and the French faction. "I admire your courage," Languet writes, Jan. 30, 1580; but at the ſame time he cautions Sidney againſt going too far in incurring unpopularity, and againſt being angry becauſe the advice which

* State Papers, vol. CLI: Depoſitions of Lord Henry Howard and Charles Arundel, MS. 1581.

he gave was not received as it deſerved. But Sidney was greatly diſappointed at the ſtate of public affairs, and quitted the Court for Wilton, the ſeat of his dearly loved ſiſter, the Counteſs of Pembroke.

Chapter IV.

ARCADIA.

" I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter."
As You Like It.

FOR ſome time before Sidney left the Court he had begun to ſigh for a purer life than he found there. Among his earlieſt eſſays in verſe is a tranſlation of Horace's Ode in praiſe of an intermediate courſe between ambition and baſeneſs:—

" The golden mean who loves, lives ſafely free . . .
Releaſed from Court, where envy needs muſt be."

The laſt line, expreſſing with added energy the ſenſe of the original, ſhows the temper of his own mind. His thoughts turned towards the country, and contraſted with a penſive fancy the ſimple ways of nature with the perverſeneſs of the world of faſhion. " O ſweet conſolation!" he

writes, "to ſee the long life of the hurtleſs trees! to ſee how in ſtraight growing up, though never ſo high, they hinder not their fellows! They only envioufly trouble, which are crookedly bent."

A little poem of his, entitled, "Diſpraiſe of a Courtly Life," deſcribes himſelf in the character of a ſhepherd, lamenting his change to the ſtate of a courtier:—

"Well was I, while under ſhade
Oaten reeds me muſic made,
Striving with my mates in ſong,
Mixing mirth our ſongs among;
Greater was the ſhepherd's treaſure,
Than this falſe, fine, courtly pleaſure.
* * * * * *
My old mates I grieve to ſee,
Void of me in field to be,
Where we once our lovely ſheep,
Lovingly, like friends did keep;
Oft each other's friendſhip proving,
Never ſtriving, but in loving."

Among his numerous friends he ſingles two, who had not diſappointed him, and whom he entreated to make with himſelf "one mind in bodies three:"—

"Only for my two loves' ſake,
In whoſe love I pleaſure take;
Only two do me delight
With their ever-pleaſing ſight."

Theſe were Fulke Greville and Edward Dyer, both of them poets, to whom Sidney afterwards bequeathed the whole of his books.

His hopeful and imaginative mind had formed much too fair an idea of the world, and he was diſguſted in proportion with the reality; yet he perſiſted in cheriſhing the conception of a ſtate, in ſome other place and period, in which the virtues flouriſhed which he had not found in England or in Italy. During the leiſure which he enjoyed in his retirement at Wilton he amuſed himſelf by delineating his ideal ſtate, a kingdom where every knightly excellence flouriſhed in combination with the unſophiſticated manners of a rural life. The place which he ſelected was Arcadia, in the remote times of the Meſſenian wars; and as his fiction was written down for the pleaſure of his ſiſter, he called it the Counteſs of Pembroke's Arcadia. In a letter to her he compares it to a ſpider's web, fit only to be ſwept away: the fruit "of a young head full of fancies, and not ſo well ſtayed as I would it were, and ſhall be when God will. It is done for you," he ſays, "only for you; not for ſeverer eyes, being only a trifle, and triflingly handled. Your dear ſelf can beſt witneſs the manner, being done on looſe ſheets of paper, moſtly in your preſence: the reſt by ſheets

ſent unto you as faſt as they were done." The earlier and more finiſhed part was written in the Earl of Pembroke's ſtately manſion of Wilton, then newly built from the deſigns of Holbein. A fire and many alterations have left only a ſmall portion of the original houſe ſtanding; and ſome paintings from the Arcadia, with which one of the apartments was adorned, have long been obliterated. But in the park there is ſtill an ilex under which Sidney may have ſat, as he is depicted in Iſaac Oliver's portrait, muſing with folded arms. There, before his eyes, roſe the glory of Engliſh cathedrals, the unrivalled ſpire of Saliſbury; and ſometimes in riding over Saliſbury plain he would roam among the huge blocks of Stonehenge, wonder who had piled them, and compare them to the ſhapeleſs fancies which encumbered his mind. John Aubrey, whoſe great-uncle had ſeen Sir Philip, deſcribes him as taking a pocket-book with him in his rides, and often pauſing to ſet down thoughts which ſtruck him.* His delight in a country life ſeems rather to have been ſuch a taſte as town-bred men are wont to have, than the mere love of rural ſports and ſcenes for their own ſake. Natural beauty was chiefly delightful to him as

* Gray.

an image of moral beauty; and his mind reverted continually from meadows and trees to human intereſts. He deſcribes his Arcadians as "a happy people, wanting little, becauſe they deſire not much;" yet their diſcourſe is almoſt entirely of things which belong to civil life, and that of a refined kind; of kingdoms, wars, tournaments; of courtly paſtimes and ſentimental love. Whether ſuch a ſtate be poſſible, as he imagines, with all that is pure in ruſtic innocence, and all that is noble in political virtue, or graceful in art and knowledge, may well be doubted; but the contemplation of ſuch a ſtate is at leaſt a beautiful dream.

A ſimilar idea had been conceived previouſly by Spaniſh and Italian authors; and Sidney had read both the Diana of Montemayor and the Arcadia of Sannazzaro. Of the former, indeed, he tranſlated ſome portions. But the hints which he certainly borrowed from thoſe once popular romances he has worked out in a manner of his own, and his work is diſtinguiſhed by his peculiar reflectiveneſs. At the preſent day few would think of Sidney's Arcadia otherwiſe than as a tedious book. Faſhions change in fiction almoſt as much as in dreſs, ſo that what was the admiration of one age appears to another the height of abſurdity and deformity. Only thoſe poems en-

dure in freſhneſs which render a true image of the eternal properties of nature, and more eſpecially of the human ſoul. Many other compoſitions little inferior in genius have become antiquated, becauſe they have been loaded with conceits peculiar to one age.

The mixture of adventurous chivalry and feudal courteſy with affected worſhip of the gods of Greece, in which Sidney's proſe-poem abounds, paſſed during a ſhort time for the union of all perfections. As long as the taſte prevailed of blending claſſical and mediæval ideas, no book was more admired. Thirteen editions were printed in leſs than a century, a number which was not attained even by Lyly's popular Euphues; and it was thought worth while to caution young wives againſt waſting their time over the Arcadia to the neglect of their houſehold duties. But both of the two elements which contributed moſt to its popularity have grown out of date. The ſpirit of chivalry faded away from England in the ſecond generation after Sidney, and has only of late years been reſtored to literature in an hiſtorical form, chiefly as a contraſt to modern democracy. The imagery of ancient gods and goddeſſes paſſed more gradually out of faſhion. In the ſixteenth century it was in the bloom of freſhneſs, and was far from

being really ſo profane as it might ſeem. For a great change of mind took place at the revival of learning and art in reference to the ancient mythologies. The primitive Chriſtians had regarded the heathen Pantheon as a Pandemonium. The gŏds of Greece and Rome were to them evil ſpirits, devils who reſiſted Chriſt and deceived his people. Far otherwiſe did they appear to the great ſcholars who after a thouſand years diſinterred the old claſſical world: for them the ſame deities, ſtripped of their religious awe and antagoniſm to the Chriſtian faith, had only their firſt and pureſt attributes. Formerly they had been identified with the rebel angels; now they ſeemed like angels who had never rebelled. Pan, the god of Nature, Pallas, the goddeſs of Wiſdom, Diana, the goddeſs of Chaſtity, and the reſt, were conceived as ſo many miniſtering ſpirits attending upon thoſe ſeveral departments of God's kingdom. In this ſuperſtition, as in the ſaint-worſhip to which it ſucceeded, there lurked, without doubt, the germ of idolatry, which in the next century degenerated into a mere ornament of irreligion. But in its origin it was promoted by a deſire to claim for Jehovah ſupreme dominion over all things viſible and inviſible; and it was ſuſtained by a reverent wiſh to avoid the familiar uſe of His Name.

One inſtance will ſhow how much earneſtneſs there was in this incongruous mixture of deities. A princeſs in the Arcadia is repreſented as uttering in priſon a prayer, which is quoted at length. This prayer was uſed at Cariſbrook by Charles I, and given by him to Juxon at his death. It is printed in "Eikon Baſilike," under the title of "A Prayer in Time of Captivity." Milton, in his pamphlet "Iconoclaſtes," rebukes the king ſharply for adopting the prayer, both as being a plagiariſm from Sir Philip Sidney, and as a heathen prayer. Yet it is impoſſible to read it without acknowledging its appropriateneſs to the circumſtances of Charles; and his uſe of it, rather than a fault in him, is an honour to Sidney, who has imbued a pagan romance with ſo Chriſtian a ſpirit.* On the whole, however, Milton's character of the Arcadia, though too ſevere, is not far from a juſt eſtimate. He calls it, in the ſame paſſage to which reference has been made, "a vain amatorious poem, a book in that kind full of worth and wit; but among religious thoughts and duties not

* The intereſt which is attached to this prayer ſeems a ſufficient reaſon for inſerting it at the end of this volume, as Arcadia has been long out of print. Milton has been abſurdly accuſed of procuring the inſertion of the prayer in order to ſtigmatize it.

worthy to be named, nor to be read at any time without good caution." Sidney himſelf, when on his deathbed, wiſhed it to be deſtroyed. Like other compoſitions of the ſame kind, it is replete with the worſhip of youth, beauty, and martial excellence. In magnifying the qualities of heroes and heroines, many voluptuous and ſanguinary pictures are drawn, which are not altogether redeemed by their aſſociation with high ſentiments and examples. Yet the glowing fancies of ſuch men as Sidney have ſometimes a wholeſome influence to which ethical treatiſes never attain. Reaching minds which from ſelf-indulgence have come to loathe other teaching, they excite an admiration for manly virtues which are equally valuable as a preparation and as a ſupplement to higher Chriſtian graces. The following ſententious extracts would perhaps be of little value, if they were thruſt into a frivolous book in order to give it a mere colour of gravity. Some may eaſily be referred to claſſical ſources; others are trite with ſubſequent uſe: yet they deſerve notice as they flow out of the courſe of the romance, and repreſent fairly the ſpirit in which it is conceived:—

"Wiſdom and virtue are the only deſtinies appointed to man to follow."

"There is no man ſuddenly either excellently good or extremely evil, but grows either as he holds himſelf up in virtue, or lets himſelf ſlide to viciouſneſs."

"True love hath that excellent nature in it, that it doth transform the very eſſence of the lover into the thing loved; uniting and as it were incorporating it with a ſecret and inward working. And herein do other kinds of loves imitate the excellent; for as the love of heaven makes one heavenly, the love of virtue virtuous; ſo doth the love of the world make one become worldly, and the effeminate love of a woman doth womanize a man."

"They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts."

"Who ſhoots at the midday ſun, though he be ſure he ſhall never hit the mark; yet as ſure he is, he ſhall ſhoot higher than who aims but at a buſh."

"High honour is not only gotten and born with pain and danger, but muſt be nurſed with the like, or elſe vaniſheth as ſoon as it appears to the world."

"If we will be men, the reaſonable part of our ſoul is to have abſolute commandment; againſt which if any ſenſual weakneſs ariſe, we are to yield all our ſound forces to the overthrowing of ſo

unnatural a rebellion. To ſay 'I cannot,' is childiſh; and 'I will not,' womaniſh."

"I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees; it ſufficeth me if I know their virtues."

"In nothing had nature done ſo much for them, as that it had made them Lords of Truth, whereon all other goods are builded."

A ſimilar dignity of mind appears in the conduct of the ſtory. One rarely finds, in the fictions of any period, more truly noble and generous characters than thoſe of the two princes and two princeſſes whoſe adventures form the chief part of this romance. Every act and thought of theirs is pervaded by the ſame lofty tone. That ſhame is worſe than death, that ſloth is worſe than painful wounds, that ſelfiſhneſs is hateful, friendſhip lovely, courteſy manly, and rudeneſs brutiſh; ſuch is the ſtrain of honour implied throughout the Arcadia. The extravagance with which it is carried out goes, it is true, beyond nature and propriety. Nevertheleſs, this romantic ſpirit is perhaps more faithful to the beſt qualities of humanity, than that of any claſs of fiction which has followed until a very recent time. Comparing the Arcadia with the moſt celebrated poems in proſe and verſe which may be referred to the

ſame ſtandard; it exhibits a ſingular delight in portraying virtue. Even Scott is leſs conſpicuouſly marked by this characteriſtic. To exhibit goodneſs by means of an elaborate contraſt with its oppoſite is the plan of one great ſchool of fiction, of which Clariſſa may be named as the type. Another prefers to trace the features of moral excellence in the midſt of outward circumſtances which are mean and repulſive. A third ſchool aims at repreſenting the lights and ſhades of human life and character with the impartial truth of a photograph. While each of theſe methods has its own peculiar worth, Sidney's has the air of freſhneſs and hopefulneſs which diſtinguiſhes youth from age. He may be conſidered as happy in living at a time when the crudeneſs of art was compenſated by the new aſpect which all things wore; when juſt ſentiments had not yet come by reiteration to paſs for truiſms, nor ideal characters to ſeem imaginary. There are, however, in the Arcadia blemiſhes which have been already noticed; and there are faults of compoſition which would be intolerable in a modern novel. The ſtory, though ingeniouſly conſtructed, is involved, and bears traces of the curſory manner in which it was written. The incidents from firſt to laſt are ſo improbable, to uſe no ſtronger term, that the

reader is perſuaded to follow them with intereſt only by the charm of Sidney's thoughts and language; and the great length at which every particular is related appears exceſſive, after making large allowance for varieties of taſte in this reſpect.

The main ſubject of the romance is the courtſhip of the two diſguiſed princeſſes, Pamela and Philoclea, by the two princes Muſidorus and Pyrocles, alſo diſguiſed. This plot is interwoven with many epiſodes, one of which is the original of the ſtory of Gloſter in King Lear. Perhaps the moſt pleaſing of all is the epiſode of Argalus and Parthenia, which has been more than once publiſhed ſeparately, and is ſtill ſold in a cheap form by hawkers. Argalus loves Parthenia, and is loved in return. His diſappointed rival finds an opportunity to rub her face with corroſive poiſon, which deſtroys her beauty beyond all hope of recovery. The love of Argalus for her remains unaltered, but ſhe refuſes to diſgrace him in the eyes of the world by becoming his wife, and ſecretly eſcapes to Corinth; where ſhe is cured by the queen's phyſician, and reſtored to her former lovelineſs. Returning to Argalus ſhe pretends to be a friend of Parthenia, and to bear from her dying lips a requeſt that he ſhould accept her-

20096

ſelf as Parthenia's ſubſtitute. Argalus, though greatly perplexed, continues faithful to his firſt affection, and refuſes until, to his joy, Parthenia makes herſelf known to him. They are married, and live together for a time in perfect happineſs. But war breaks out, and Argalus is ſent for by the king.

"The meſſenger made ſpeed, and found Argalus at a caſtle of his own, ſitting in a parlour with the fair Parthenia; he reading in a book the ſtories of Hercules, ſhe by him, ſo as to hear him read: but while his eyes looked on the book, ſhe looked on his eyes, and ſometimes ſtaying him with ſome pretty queſtion; not ſo much to be reſolved of the doubt, as to give him occaſion to look upon her; a happy couple, he joying in her, ſhe joying in herſelf; but in herſelf, becauſe ſhe enjoyed him. Both increaſed their riches by giving to each other."

Argalus is wanted to take up the challenge of Amphialus, a chivalrous prince whoſe love for one of the king's daughters has provoked the war. They fight, equipped in rich armour, which is minutely deſcribed, and after a long and terrible combat Argalus is killed before Parthenia's eyes. Shortly afterwards a ſtrange knight arrives in the royal camp.

"He had before him four damſels and ſo many behind him, all upon palfreys, and all apparelled in mourning weeds: each of them a ſervant of each ſide, with like liveries of ſorrow. Himſelf in an armour, all painted over with ſuch a cunning of ſhadow that it repreſented a gaping ſepulchre: the furniture of his horſe was all of cypreſs branches, wherewith in old time they were wont to dreſs graves. . . . . The Knight of the Tomb (for ſo the ſoldiers termed him) ſent to Baſilius to demand leave to ſend a damſel into the town to call out Amphialus."

Amphialus accepts the ſtranger's challenge, and having croſſed over to the little iſland which ſerved for liſts, "deſired to ſpeak with him; but the Knight of the Tomb, with ſilence, and drawing his horſe back, ſhowed no will to hear nor ſpeak." At the firſt courſe the unknown knight miſſed his lance-reſt; and Amphialus gallantly let his own point paſs over the head of his antagoniſt. Notwithſtanding this favour, the courteous Amphialus gains an eaſy victory, and ſeeing how far he is the ſuperior in arms, would have diſmiſſed his challenger; but the other provokes him by inſults into giving an angry blow, which touches a vital part. He pulls off the helmet which hid the features of the dying knight; about whoſe

ſhoulders there fell immediately "the treaſure of fair golden hair which, with the face, witneſſed that it was Parthenia."

The courſe of the romance leads to incidental mention of matters of ſtate and ſociety, the treatment of which is remarkable. As often as occaſion ariſes they are handled as gravely as if actual events were concerned. Queſtions of government, education, law, and even theology, no leſs than building and gardening, are diſcuſſed with a philoſophical ſerioufneſs which gives to the moſt fantaſtic incidents a certain air of reality. Pamela diſcourſes in priſon upon the firſt principles of religious belief and truſt in Providence, and her prayer has been referred to already.

A ſpecimen, on a ſmaller ſcale, of Sidney's thoughtful manner, is the following deſcription of hawking:—"Upon the ſide of the foreſt they had both greyhounds, ſpaniels and hounds, whereof the firſt might ſeem the lords, the ſecond the gentlemen, the laſt the yeomen of dogs. A caſt of merlins there was beſides, which flying of a gallant height over certain buſhes would beat the birds that roſe down into the buſhes, as falcons will do wild fowl over a river. But the ſport which for that day Baſilius would principally ſhow to Zelmane was the mounting at a Heron; which getting

up on his waggling wings with pain, till he was come to ſome height (as though the air next the earth were not fit for his great body to fly through), was now grown to diminiſh the ſight of himſelf and to give example to great perſons, that the higher they be the leſs they ſhould ſhow. Then a Ger-falcon was caſt off after her, who ſtraight ſpying where the prey was, fixing her eye with deſire, and guiding her way by her eye, uſed no more ſtrength than induſtry. For as a good builder to a high tower will not make his ſtair upright, but winding almoſt the full compaſs about, that the ſteepneſs be the more inſenſible, ſo ſhe, ſeeing the towering of her purſued chaſe, went circling and compaſſing about, riſing ſo with the leſs ſenſe of riſing, and yet finding that way ſcantly ſerve the greedineſs of her haſte, as an ambitious body will go far out of the direct way to win to a point of height which he deſires. So would ſhe as it were turn tail to the heron, and fly quite out another way, but all was to return to a higher pitch; which once gotten, ſhe would either beat with cruel aſſaults the heron, who was now driven to the beſt defence of force, ſince flight would not ſerve, or elſe claſping with him came down together."

Arcadia not only forms a large part of Sidney's

whole literary works, but reflects his own mind ſo vividly, that the examination of its chief characteriſtics is eſſential to a complete view of his life. Its relation to Sidney is often ſaid to have been ſtill more perſonal. He has been ſuppoſed, though with ſlight probability, to deſcribe himſelf and Fulke Greville in his princes, and Lady Penelope Devereux in his princeſs Philoclea. Traditions of this kind have uſually little authority, and there are marked diverſities in the character of the perſons which might be objected to this one in particular. Muſidorus and Pyrocles, Pamela and Philoclea, are artificially contraſted together, and unlike portraits. Sidney, like any other poet, drew his ideas from what he had obſerved and felt, according to his own maxim, "Look in thy heart and write." Here and there it is poſſible to trace the origin of his fictions. The diſfigurement of Parthenia was ſuggeſted without doubt by Lady Penelope's ſuffering from the ſmallpox, and her recovering without loſs of beauty. It may be conjectured that Elizabeth was in his mind when he wrote thus:—"The Queen of Laconia, one that ſeemed born on the confines of beauty's kingdom; for all her lineaments were neither perfect poſſeſſioners thereof, nor abſolute ſtrangers thereto; but ſhe was a queen, and therefore beau-

tiful." But it may well be doubted whether any portraiture is intended by Sidney, except that he modeſtly introduces himſelf as a melancholy young ſhepherd. The name of Phillifides thinly diſguiſes his own, and by this name ſome of his friends deplored their loſs when he died.

The ſeveral books of Arcadia are concluded with verſified dialogues and paſtoral ſongs, in one of which the alluſion to Languet, previouſly quoted, is made by Phillifides. Theſe eclogues are a prominent feature in the Italian Arcadia, but Sidney's are often weariſome, and the metres uncouth. His aim was to unite the rich fancy of Italy with Engliſh ſimplicity and vigour, but he was caught, like the author of Euphues, by ſome of the affectations which he denounced. He fails more ſignally in the paſſages which were deſigned to relieve the graver parts with comedy. Humour was wanting in ſome meaſure to complete Sidney's almoſt univerſal genius. General harmony of mind and ſoul ſeems in its nature unfavourable to the power of humour; which is either the play of a careleſs mind, or elſe the reaction of an earneſt mind againſt cares too heavy to be borne. The latter is the grim humour of ſatiriſts, who ſeek relief from ſad contemplation in irony and mockery; the former is the more common humour of

light-hearted men, who find entertainment everywhere. In men of action this faculty is uſually weak; and one who is both earneſt and hopeful is leaſt of all likely to be a humoriſt. Deformity, whether natural or moral, diſpleaſes him too much to afford him mere amuſement; and his buoyant ſpirit throws off the depreſſion which ſtrains ſome noble hearts until bitter laughter is the only alternative from bitter tears. Still the want of humour muſt be regarded as a defect, not only of literary power, but of character alſo. It is a gift akin to charity of a homely ſort, and has its true uſe in ſoftening the repulſiveneſs of things from which a fine mind would otherwiſe ſhrink with too intolerant a prejudice. To this faſtidiouſneſs of taſte Sidney appears to have been inclined, though it was ſubdued by his extreme kindlineſs and ſympathy. Yet it is not only in wit, but in humanity, that Damœtas and Mopſa ſuffer by compariſon with Touchſtone and Audrey.

Arcadia is brought to a concluſion with much eloquence, but the author confeſſes himſelf to be weary of his taſk. According to a ſtatement which Ben Jonſon made, forty years afterwards, to Drummond, Sidney entertained the idea of adapting what he had written to the legends of King Arthur. If this plan had been executed,

his literary fame would have been extended by the popularity of the ſubject. But a national poem could hardly have ariſen from ſo artificial a proceſs; and the want of a noble female character, a fatal defect in the romances of the Round Table, might have compelled Sidney to alter the whole fable, as Spenſer has done in the Faery Queen.

During Sidney's reſidence at Wilton he probably wrote his little eſſay entitled the "Defence of Poeſy." We learn from him that the name of poet had fallen into contempt in England. This opinion was not without excuſe; for at the period when he wrote the national literature was ſcanty and feeble, ſhowing no clear preſage of its magnificent outburſt a few years later. The age which is called Elizabethan was only beginning. Though Elizabeth had been more than twenty years on the throne, the men whoſe names have made hers illuſtrious were, for the moſt part, unknown and untried. Several had not yet attained to manhood in 1580. Burleigh and Walſingham, it is true, were at the height of their reputation; and Leiceſter's inglorious fame had reached its zenith. But of the array of great men who have ſet a deep mark on the Engliſh character for all time, none had appeared as yet. Shakeſpeare's age was ſixteen, Bacon's nineteen, Hooker's, Spenſer's,

and Raleigh's, about twenty-ſeven, when Sidney, in 1580, acknowledged the dearth of Engliſh literature. The Shepherd's Calendar, the Earl of Surrey's Lyrics, and the works of Lord Buckhurſt and his aſſociates, were the only pieces which he could call to mind as commendable ſince Chaucer. But he pleaded earneſtly againſt the general inference which was drawn from the ſcarcity of good poets. Still more earneſtly did he vindicate poetry againſt another objection ſuggeſted by the riſing ſect of the Puritans, that poetry is eſſentially untrue, immoral, and a waſte of time.

Sidney's "Defence" begins by an appeal to antiquity. He ſhows that poetry is the moſt ancient of arts, "the firſt light-giver to ignorance;" the earlieſt teachers, philoſophers, and hiſtorians being poets. He urges the dignity of the Roman and Greek names for a poet; the one calling him *vates*, or Prophet, and the other ποιητής, or Maker. He alſo appeals to Scripture, adducing inſtances of Divine poetry; in which he includes not only the Pſalms of David, but the Parables of our Lord. For poetry, he contends, is "a ſpeaking picture with this end, to teach and delight;" and therefore not reſtricted to the form of verſe. "It is not rhyming and verſing that maketh a poet, (no

more than a long gown maketh an advocate, who though he ſhould plead in armour ſhould be an advocate, and no ſoldier,) but it is that feigning notable images of virtues, vices, and what elſe; with that delightful teaching which muſt be the right deſcribing note to mark a poet by."

Proceeding to compare poetry in the abſtract with philoſophy and hiſtory, he gives to it the preference over both; on the ground that while the two latter teach, by precept and example reſpectively, the knowledge of virtue, poetry moves men to the love of virtue, which is both a more difficult and a higher art. Admitting and deploring the abuſe of poetry, eſpecially by the comic dramatiſts of his own day, he ſhows the injuſtice of condemning what is good for its abuſe, and argues that properly the art of poetry is neither vicious, falſe, nor effeminate, but the contrary.

This eſſay of Sidney's may claim to take rank among the moſt admirable in our language. For pure ſentiment, ſound philoſophy, and brilliancy and grace of ſtyle, it is unſurpaſſed to this day. It is read much leſs than it deſerves, partly, perhaps, becauſe Engliſh poetry has been ſufficient ſince Sidney's time to defend itſelf without an advocate. Moreover, his critical remarks on the

works of his day have loſt their intereſt; and he has incurred no ſmall blame for cenſuring plays which were forerunners of the richeſt dramatic literature in the world. The reckleſs changes of time and place, the diſcordant mixture of tragedy with coarſe buffoonery, and other features of the old Engliſh drama which Sidney holds up to ridicule, were uſed by Shakeſpeare's genius and ſkill as elements of a more exquiſite harmony than was ever contemplated in the claſſical rules of unity. Hence Sidney is in ſome diſcredit as a critic; and yet what Shakeſpeare did for tragedy and comedy was truly conſiſtent with the principles of Sidney's eſſay, though the manner of execution was different from any which he was able to foreſee. Like moſt admirers of Greek and Roman literature, he was led for a time into the miſtake of imitating the ancient metres; and he has been ſeverely cenſured for trying to diſſuade Spenſer from the uſe of rhyme.* It is doubtful whether there was ever ſufficient ground for this charge againſt Sidney. In the "Defence of Poeſy" he balances the merits of ancient and modern metre, and concludes:—"The latter likewiſe with his rhyme ſtriketh a certain muſic to the

* Tytler's Life of Raleigh.

ear; and in fine, ſince it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the ſame purpoſe; there being in either ſweetneſs, and wanting in neither majeſty." On the other hand, Sidney's influence in the eſſential part of poetry was of the beſt kind. Its amount was immenſe, and extends through that time to the preſent. He was the firſt Engliſh critic, and the firſt writer of modern Engliſh proſe. He was the nation's idol when the greateſt Engliſhmen were about the age which is moſt ſubject to enthuſiaſm. Spenſer probably planned the "Faery Queen" in his company: Shakeſpeare probably in youth read the "Defence of Poeſy," and learned there to appreciate the worth of his own art. Thus, while a long train of poets, from Shakeſpeare and Spenſer to Tennyſon, have not diſdained to imitate Sidney's fancies, the indirect influence of his pure and heroic mind has probably been deeper ſtill.

Sidney's perſonal connection with the dramatiſts is curious. While he was at Wilton, in 1580, his ſiſter became mother of William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, "the moſt univerſally loved and eſteemed of any man"* in the next generation, the friend of Shakeſpeare, and, in all

* Clarendon.

probability, the "W. H." to whom Shakeſpeare's Sonnets were dedicated. Ben Jonſon has coupled Lord Herbert's name with Sidney's in the line of his well-known epitaph on the Counteſs, "Sidney's ſiſter, Pembroke's mother." At the ſame Wilton Houſe Philip Maſſinger was born in 1584, and received from Sidney his Chriſtian name.

Another work which may be referred to this part of his life is a verſion of the Pſalms. He began this in conjunction with his accompliſhed ſiſter, and tranſlated the firſt forty-two himſelf.* The remainder were finiſhed by her. Sidney's Pſalms want the modern ſmoothneſs of verſification which has become an almoſt univerſal art; but they are ſuperior to the authorized verſions, old and new, both in religious and poetical feeling. The metres are varied with the ſubjects, and the true character of the Pſalms as ſpiritual ſongs is forcibly conveyed. For a ſpecimen the opening of the thirty-ſeventh Pſalm may be quoted:—

"Fret not thyſelf, if thou do ſee
That wicked men do ſeem to flouriſh,
Nor envy in thy boſom nouriſh
Though ill deeds well ſucceeding be.

* Singer's Edition: Preface.

"They ſoon ſhall be cut down like graſs,
And wither like green herb or flower;
Do well and truſt in heavenly power:
Thou ſhalt have both good foot and place."

From his graver ſtudies he refreſhed himſelf by the amuſement of planning houſes and gardens. The Earl of Pembroke's houſe of Houghton near Ampthill, now in ruins, was built from his deſigns. His taſte in theſe matters inclined to ſimplicity, as appears from his deſcription of the houſe of Kalander, an Arcadian nobleman, which was "built of fair and ſtrong ſtones, ... the lights, doors, and ſtairs, rather directed to the uſe of the gueſt than to the eye of the artificer, and yet as the one chiefly needed, ſo the other not neglected. . . . . The ſervants not ſo many in number as cleanly in apparel and ſerviceable in behaviour. The back ſide of the houſe neither field, garden, nor orchard; or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard; for as ſoon as the deſcending of the ſtairs had delivered them down, they came into a place cunningly ſet with trees of the moſt taſte-pleaſing fruits: but ſcarcely they had taken that into their conſideration, but they were ſuddenly ſtept into a delicate green; of each ſide of the green a thicket, and behind the thickets again new beds of flowers, which being under the

trees, the trees were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a moſaic floor."

Probably the months which he ſpent at Wilton or at the Earl's neighbouring manor of Clarendon, were the happieſt of Sidney's life. His love for his ſiſter was mutual, and very deep and tender. In ſubſequent years he often returned to the purſuits which have been deſcribed in this chapter, and forgot in them the diſappointments, of which he had many in the world. Yet his nature was ſo evenly balanced between contemplation and action that he could not bear to be long ſecluded from either. At Wilton he ſaw the armour of ſeveral gallant French knights, Montmorenci, Louis of Bourbon, Montpenſier, and others, the ſpoils of the brilliant victory of St. Quentin, where the Earl's father had led the Engliſh contingent. Sidney looked with impatience on the trophies of martial valour, and longed to carry out into practice the ideal of Chriſtian chivalry which his imagination had conceived.

Chapter V.

RETURN TO PUBLIC LIFE.

"Life is a buſineſs, not good cheer."
GEORGE HERBERT.

IN January, 1581,* Sidney was returned to Parliament as Knight of the Shire for Kent. The moſt important proceedings of this Parliament, which only ſat for a few weeks, were a petition to the Queen to take care for the maintenance of "Mariners and of Navigation, the very ſtrength and walls of her Majeſty's realm;" and Sir W. Mildmay's Committee for drawing up "ſuch laws as would ſecure the kingdom againſt the Pope and his ad-

* This date is 1580 in the Commons' Reports; according to the old way of reckoning, the end of the year. But it is ſtyled the 23rd of Elizabeth.

herents." Of that celebrated committee Sidney was a member. The nation was violently excited againſt the Roman Catholics, partly from apprehenſion of miſchief from the Queen's impending marriage with Anjou; partly from diſcoveries which had been recently made of prieſts intriguing as ſecret agents of ſedition. The College of Douai had been founded by Philip of Spain for the purpoſe of training up Engliſh youths in the old religion, and under his own political influence. A ſimilar college had been inſtituted at Rheims by the Cardinal of Lorraine, uncle of the Duke of Guiſe and of Mary, Queen of Scots. From theſe ſeminaries and from Rome the pupils returned to England devoted ſervants of the Pope, with hearts and minds ſkilfully weaned from patriotic affection by the ſophiſtry of the Jeſuits. Loyola's Society had already begun to recover, by zeal and diſcipline, the failing hold of the Papacy on Chriſtendom. The devotion of the Jeſuits as miſſionaries in India, Japan, and America, their learning among ſcholars, and their craft among politicians, extended the power of the Church of Rome on every ſide. The more pious among them gained reſpect by their auſtere and ſelf-denying lives. The more artful undermined the principles of the Reformation by imbuing the

ſchools with a falſe and pernicious ſyſtem of morals. Conſciences were led, under their direction, away from the love of truth in belief and in practice. For truth they ſubſtituted Papal authority, on the ſtrength of which their hearers were taught to believe the moſt palpable impoſtures, and to commit the darkeſt treaſon without compunction. Caſes were noted in their books under which lying, falſe ſwearing, and aſſaſſination became lawful; and the ſupreme teſt of lawfulneſs was the ſanction of the Pope. Againſt Elizabeth no attempt was criminal; for Pius V. had denounced her as a heretic, ſchiſmatic, and uſurper, and had abſolved her ſubjects from their allegiance. Jeſuits promulgated againſt her and her counſellors the foulеſt libels, and their followers were continually plotting the overthrow of her government, not ſeldom aiming at her life. It was therefore thought neceſſary by Parliament to uſe very ſtringent meaſures for the Queen's protection. Her life was juſtly regarded as eſſential to the welfare of the kingdom. Sidney compared her* to the brand in the legend of Meleager:—"Whenever ſhe periſhes, farewell to all our quietneſs."

From Sidney's childhood he had been brought

* Letter to Count of Naſſau: Pears.

up in a ſtrong perſuaſion of the falſehood and danger of Romiſh doctrines; and this had been confirmed by his foreign experience and by his intercourſe with Languet. The reſult of the ſittings of Sir W. Mildmay's Committee appeared in laws the ſeverity of which cannot be juſtified. Whoever became reconciled to Rome, or aided in reconciling another, was declared to be guilty of treaſon. Any one who ſaid maſs was liable to a year's impriſonment, and a fine of 100 marks. Abſence from church for a month was puniſhable by a fine of 20*l.* But the Papal agents are chiefly to blame for the hardſhips which were ſuffered in conſequence of theſe laws by peaceful and loyal Catholics; for their doctrines had ſhaken in their friends the very foundations of good faith and juſtice, and provoked their foes to retaliate. One of theſe agents, Campian, a man of great zeal and talents, who had been at Oxford and afterwards at Douai, was arreſted; and his confeſſion, extorted on the rack, tended, whether true or falſe, to exaſperate the people ſtill more. He was hanged at Tyburn while the Duke of Anjou was in England, proſecuting in perſon his ſuit for Elizabeth's hand.

The French King ſent, in April, a ſplendid embaſſy, to draw up the articles of marriage in

preparation for the arrival of Anjou himſelf. The ambaſſadors were very graciouſly received by the Queen, and magnificently entertained. On Whit-Monday the noblemen of her Court prepared for them a ſtately pageant, which was called a "Triumph." Here we meet again with Sidney at the Court. From Languet's correſpondence it ſeems likely that William of Orange may have reconciled Anjou to him; and the Court is ſaid to have been "maimed without his company." The "triumph," which is deſcribed at vaſt length in Stow's Chronicle, gives a lively picture of this ſort of diverſions, in which Elizabeth delighted, and of which Sidney was a great inventor. At one end of the tilt-yard at Whitehall was a gallery, which was named for the occaſion the Caſtle of Perfect Beauty, and here the Queen herſelf ſat. Four knights, calling themſelves the Foſter-children of Deſire, delivered to her by a page an allegorical meſſage, announcing their intention to lay ſiege to the caſtle, and giving a general challenge to any knights to venture with lance and ſword in its defence. Theſe four challengers were the Earl of Arundel, Lord Windſor, Mr. Philip Sidney, and Mr. Fulke Greville. Sidney's appearance with his retinue is thus minutely deſcribed:— "Then proceeded Maſter Philip Sidney in very

ſumptuous manner, with armour part blue and the reſt gilt and engraven, with four ſpare horſes, having capariſons and furniture very rich and coſtly, as ſome of cloth of gold embroidered with pearl, and ſome embroidered with gold and ſilver feathers, very richly and cunningly wrought." He had four pages that rode on his four ſpare horſes, followed by thirty gentlemen and yeomen, and four trumpeters, all gaily attired in yellow and ſilver; "and they had upon their coats a ſcroll or band of ſilver that came ſcarf-wiſe over the ſhoulder, and ſo down under the arm, with this poſy or ſentence written both before and behind, *Sic nos non nobis.*" The alluſion ſeems to be to Anjou, as being the real winner of the prize to which Sidney and his fellow-challengers made their mimic ſiege. Sidney was noted for the variety and fancy of his mottoes. Several occur in the Arcadia. One of his own, *Sine refluxu*, correſponds with Hampden's famous device, *Veſtigia nulla retrorſum.* Another expreſſes a ſimilar reſolution not to yield to adverſe circumſtances: *Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam;* while another obſcurely implies, what he elſewhere uttered plainly, that he would not owe his worth to family or fortune: *Vix ea noſtra voco.*

The tournament was held for two days, and

was interſperſed with complimentary ſpeeches to the Queen. Among other maſques two knights, perſonating Adam and Eve, with long hair over their armour, preſented addreſſes to her; and cannon loaded with ſweet-ſcented powder were fired off from a canvas fort, with many more ſuch contrivances. After holding their ground againſt all comers with ſucceſs, the challengers ſent to the Queen a page in aſh-coloured garments, bearing an olive-branch in his hand. They aſked pardon of her Majeſty; they acknowledged their raſhneſs and preſumption in attempting the caſtle where Perfect Beauty together with Virtue was enthroned in her perſon; and they made to her their humble ſubmiſſion.

On this occaſion Sidney had the happineſs of being diſtinguiſhed above all others, as appears from the following, the beſt known of his ſonnets: —

" Having this day my horſe, my hand, my lance,
Guided ſo well that I obtained the prize,
Both by the judgment of the Engliſh eyes,
And of ſome ſent from that ſweet enemy France,
Horſemen my ſkill in horſemanſhip advance:
Town folks my ſtrength: a daintier judge applies
His praiſe to ſleight which with good uſe doth riſe:
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance:
Others, becauſe of both ſides I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this,

"Think Nature me a man of arms did make.
How far they ſhot awry! The true cauſe is,
Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made ſo fair my race." *

The concluding lines refer to Lady Penelope Devereux, for whom his love had increaſed rather than abated with time. But a bitter diſappointment was in ſtore for him. She was forced, not long after this tournament, into a marriage with a man whom ſhe hated. Robert Lord Rich, having ſucceeded in this year to his title and large eſtates, was accepted by the Counteſs as her daughter's huſband. He was a rough and illiterate man, and of a mean diſpoſition. His wealth and influence, however, were ſuch that he was raiſed by James I. to the earldom of Warwick. When this unfortunate marriage took place, Sidney was broken-hearted. He could not refrain from giving utterance to his grief, and to his indignant ſcorn of his churliſh rival. Overmaſtered by his thoughts, as he himſelf ſays of his poetry, he expreſſed them in a number of ſonnets. Theſe, with others previouſly written, were collected and printed after his death under the title of "Aſtrophel and Stella." Sidney is Aſtrophel, and Lady Rich is Stella. For

* Sonnet XLI.

beauty of thought and expreſſion theſe poems are juſtly celebrated; but they caſt a blot upon the purity of Sidney's name.

In ſaying ſo much, however, it is neceſſary to defend his memory from aſperſions which have been founded on a ſuperficial reading of the Sonnets. He was not, as he has been ſometimes repreſented, a man of lax morals. The whole of his blameleſs life is a vindication of his character againſt any doubtful inference from his own verſes; and theſe prove nothing more clearly than his keen moral ſenſibility. No ſimilar writings in any time exhibit more finely the ſtruggle in a noble mind between conſcience and paſſion, with the final victory of the right; and, according to the taſte of the period, they muſt be judged to be pure in expreſſion alſo. Sidney's fame has been his chief enemy. Words which were never meant for other eyes, but poured out of his overburdened heart in ſecret or in ſtrict confidence, have been publiſhed to the world. Thus his fancies, wiſhes, and regrets, long ſince repented of with tears, are exhibited as deliberate and ſhameleſs: fact and fiction are indiſcriminately mingled; and in the confuſion of earlier and later ſonnets all are expoſed to the blame of a time when his love could no longer be lawful. It is a cruel treachery of

friendſhip when a dead man's private words are ſubmitted without explanation to the riſk of wrong. Much depends on the true order of the pieces in Aſtrophel and Stella. But neither this nor the date can be preciſely determined. It is likely that the twenty-fourth Sonnet, in which alluſion is made to Lord Rich, was written after the thirtieth, which treats of foreign politics, apparently in 1580, and the forty-firſt, of which his ſucceſs in the tournament is the ſubject. The fourth ſong, which follows the eighty-fifth Sonnet, was evidently written while Philip and Penelope were inmates of Leiceſter Houſe together. More indications of irregular arrangement in the order of the Sonnets may be obſerved by careful ſtudy.

We have Sidney's own teſtimony to the reſerve and delicacy of his love, in a form which makes it indiſputable:—

"Becauſe I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not uſe ſet colours for to wear,
Nor nouriſh ſpecial locks of vowed hair,
Nor give each ſpeech a full point of a groan;
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who in their lips Love's ſtandard bear,
'What he?' ſay they of me, 'now dare I ſwear
He cannot love; no, no, let him alone.'
And think ſo ſtill, ſo Stella know my mind.
Profeſs, indeed, I do not, Cupid's art;

"But you, fair maids, at length this true ſhall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart;
Dumb ſwans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove;
They love indeed, who quake to ſay they love."*

Simple juſtice requires that what in any one's conduct is obſcure ſhould be conſtrued agreeably to the part which is clear. It is no true candour, but a ſpirit of detraction, which would interpret in the worſt ſenſe queſtionable paſſages of a good man's life. How much cauſe there is to diſbelieve that Sidney profeſſed without ſhame his love for Lady Rich appears further by compariſon of Spenſer's "Aſtrophel." In that beautiful elegy, written after Sidney's death, and inſcribed to his widow, the name of Stella is given to her, which would be inconceivable if the world had already learned to aſſociate it with another woman. The author of the "Mourning Muſe of Theſtylis" deſcribes Lady Sidney more evidently under the name of Stella. A reaſonable account of Sidney's Sonnets is that he took his emotions as the ground of poetical fancies, which were ſcattered about, as the verſes of poets are apt to be, ſome circulating freely, others reſerved to his moſt intimate friends; ſo that the perſonal application of

* Sonnet LIV.

them was unknown till they were brought together. Thus, for the want of a few lines which might ſerve for a key, it is ſtill diſputed whether Shakeſpeare's Sonnets are addreſſed to a real or an imaginary friend, and whether to one or more than one.

Whatever blame Sidney's paſſion may deſerve is mitigated by the ſtrongeſt claim for excuſe. He had been encouraged to regard Penelope Devereux as his affianced wife. His love, originally founded on eſteem, had grown with years and familiar acquaintance, and had guarded him from the allurements to which his matchleſs perſonal graces expoſed him. He himſelf ſays of its effects,—

"If that be ſin which doth the manners frame,
Well ſtaid with truth in word, and faith of deed,
Ready of wit, and fearing nought but ſhame;
If that be ſin which in fixed hearts doth breed
A loathing of all looſe unchaſtity,
Then love is ſin, and let me ſinful be."*

On the part of Lady Penelope there ſeems to have been a warm and ſincere affection:—

"When I was forced from Stella, ever dear;—
Stella! food of my thoughts, heart of my heart,—
Stella! whoſe eyes make all my tempeſts clear,
By iron laws of duty to depart,

* Sonnet XIV.

Alas! I found that ſhe, with me, did ſmart:
I ſaw that tears did in her eyes appear,
I ſaw that ſighs her ſweeteſt lips did part."*

She, however, reſolved to do her duty, and urged him to ſhake off his ſinful loveſickneſs, declaring,—

"That love ſhe did, but loved a love not blind,
Which would not let me, whom ſhe loved, decline
From nobler courſe, fit for my birth and mind;
And therefore, by her love's authority,
Will'd me theſe tempeſts of vain love to fly,
And anchor faſt myſelf on virtue's ſhore."†

It would have been well if ſhe had in later years been able to practiſe the virtue which ſhe had taught Sidney. Her ſubſequent career was guilty and miſerable. Her beloved brother Robert, Earl of Eſſex, was taken from her in his prime, impelled to his ruin by her ambition or pique. She incurred ſome riſk of ſharing his fate by her deſperate efforts to ſave him. The huſband to whom ſhe had been ſold was an object of unceaſing averſion to her; and ſhe left him for Charles, Lord Mountjoy, afterwards Earl of Devonſhire. In the next reign her marriage to the Earl, while Lord Rich was ſtill living, led to her baniſhment from the Court. She died ſoon afterwards.

* Sonnet LXXXVII. † Sonnet LXII.

The conflict of love and duty agitated Sidney much. At length duty prevailed, and he overcame his paſſion in the right way, riſing above it, not wearing it out.* His mind emerged from this great trial without degradation. Even while he was under the influence of the idolatrous and rebellious ſpirit from which human love is rarely free, his thoughts partook moſt of its nobleſt effects, as his own ſhepherd deſcribes them:—"Hath not the only love of her made us raiſe up our thoughts above the level of the world? Hath not the deſire to ſeem worthy in her eyes made us, when others were ſleeping, to ſit viewing the courſe of the heavens? when others were running at baſe, to run over learned writings? when others were marking their ſheep, we to mark ourſelves?"

* In Mr. Craik's intereſting work, "The Romance of the Peerage," "Aſtrophel and Stella" is placed ſeveral years too late. (i. 90.) Sonnet XXX. was probably written in 1580 (ſee Pears, p. 172); certainly not in 1585, when Maurice, Prince of Orange, was a boy. Mr. Craik's other argument for his date is a curious error. "Sir Phip," in Sonnet LXXXIII, is not "Sir Philip Sidney," but a pet dog or bird. Both Mr. Craik and Mr. Bourne in his recent Memoir (p. 108) take for granted that Lady Rich is the Stella of Spenſer and Bryſkett. But that Stella is manifeſtly Sidney's widow, who was with him when he died. The uſe of Stella's name is an evidence that Sidney's firſt love had long paſſed from fact into poetry.

In the end his ſoul, ſaddened yet chaſtened, roſe like Spenſer's from earthly to heavenly love, as he expreſſes in a ſonnet which ſhould have been printed with the reſt, with its concluding motto, "*Splendidis longum valedico nugis.*"

"Leave me, O love! which reaches but to duſt,
And thou, my mind, aſpire to higher things,
Grow rich in that which never taketh ruſt,
Whatever fades, but fading pleaſure brings;
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that ſweet yoke, where laſting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light
That doth both ſhine, and give us eyes to ſee.
O take faſt hold! Let that light be thy guide,
In this ſmall courſe which birth draws out to death;
And think how ill becometh him to ſlide,
Who ſeeketh heav'n, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world, thy uttermoſt I ſee:
Eternal love, maintain thy life in me!"

The ſame year, 1581, brought Sidney another ſorrow in the death of Languet. Their friendſhip continued to the laſt unabated. Shortly before his death, Languet wrote expreſſing a tender concern for Sidney's health, and urging him to marry. He ſeems to have heard of his unhappy attachment, but not to have known the circumſtances. The wife of Du Pleſſis Mornay attended upon him in his laſt illneſs; and he was

buried at Antwerp, where he died, with much honour, being followed to the grave by the Prince of Orange. Mornay, in the preface to his work on the "Truth of the Chriſtian Religion," ſpoke with hearty affection of Languet's talents, his modeſty, and his exemplary life and death.

Sidney would now have welcomed any offer of active employment; and a propoſal was made to him which he would have accepted if the Queen's permiſſion could have been obtained. The popular claimant to the throne of Portugal, Don Antonio, ſolicited him in a flattering letter to join his expedition. Antonio's title to the throne was not good, but the kingdom had been violently ſeized by Philip of Spain in the abſence of any direct heir; and the Portugueſe preferred an illegitimate prince to a foreigner. There was no nearer repreſentative of Don Sebaſtian, who had periſhed with his army in Morocco in 1578, the laſt of the Cruſaders. He was alſo ſupported, though not openly, by England and France. Several Engliſh gentlemen volunteered to aſſiſt him in making war againſt the King of Spain; but he wrote to Sidney that "although many more ſhould come, if you are abſent I ſhall ſay I have not my proper number." To Sidney the expedition was doubly attractive. He deſired to ſerve in a campaign,

and he desired to serve against Philip; for he was impatient to see the time when England should face the contest which he knew to be impending, and throw down the gauntlet to the Spaniard. He often conversed with Fulke Greville on the necessity of aiding the revolted Netherlands, and of fitting out a navy to attack the possessions of Spain in the Indies. Under the religious professions of Philip and of the Inquisition, he saw a deep scheme for uprooting all seeds of freedom utterly. He was incredulous as to the reality of the superstition which certainly was one of the ruling motives of the grim and sullen tyrant. He recognized in Philip's zeal only an engine of his selfish policy; and warming with indignation, he would say, "that tyrants were no anointed deputies of God, but of the prince of darkness." Such had been Languet's doctrine, and the subject of a treatise which he left unfinished at his death. The same theory was promulgated on the opposite side by the house of Guise, and with fatal effects; for its results were the assassination of two successive kings of France, Henry III. and Henry IV. In the following century a similar doctrine, found among the papers of Algernon Sidney, was the chief evidence that led to his unjust conviction. It is one of the many partial

truths which none but the moſt juſt and loyal minds can bear to entertain without drawing from them fallacious and deadly conſequences.

The proſpect of ſucceſs with Don Antonio ſeems to have been very faint and viſionary. He wanted apparently that force of character which is indiſpenſable in the leader of a war of independence. But Sidney was prevented from joining him by Elizabeth's refuſal to give him leave of abſence. She was ſtill reluctant to compromiſe herſelf with the king of Spain, and ſhe was alſo apt to be unwilling to ſpare her lords and gentlemen from the kingdom. With ſomething of a mother's impatience of ſeparation from her children, the great Queen conſented with difficulty to foreign expeditions, and recalled them on ſlight pretexts. She found for Sidney ſome employment on confidential ſervice at home, the nature of which cannot be aſcertained more preciſely: In the Burleigh Papers there is a letter from Sidney to the Queen dated Graveſend, Nov. 10, 1581. He writes:—

"This rude piece of paper ſhall preſume, becauſe of your Majeſty's commandment, moſt humbly to preſent ſuch a cipher as little leiſure could afford me. If there come any matters to

my knowledge the importance of which ſhall deſerve to be ſo marked, I will not fail (ſince your pleaſure is my only boldneſs) to your own hand to recommend it. In the mean time I beſeech your Majeſty will vouchſafe legibly to read my heart in the courſe of my life, and though itſelf be but of a mean worth, yet to eſteem it like a poor houſe well ſet. I moſt humbly kiſs your hands, and pray God your enemies may then only have peace when they are weary of knowing your force."

Sidney's correſpondence with the Queen may be conjectured to have ſome reference to French politics, in which he was afterwards employed by her, notwithſtanding the ſtrong language he had uſed of the Houſe of Valois and of the negotiation with the Duke of Anjou. In the ſame month of November Anjou arrived in England, and the nuptials ſeemed to be imminent. For nearly three months the nation was in ſuſpenſe, while the Queen vacillated between prudence and inclination. At length, in February, he made up his mind that he was only waſting time, and departed for his government in the Netherlands. Elizabeth parted from him reluctantly, and accompanied him as far as Canterbury. She alſo ſent a ſplendid train of noblemen and gentlemen as his

eſcort; Leiceſter, Lord Howard, the Vice-Admiral, Lord Hunſdon, Lord Willoughby, Lord Sheffield, Sidney, Raleigh, and 500 more. They were delayed by unfavourable weather; but on the 17th, having arrived in the Scheld, Anjou was received by the firſt nobles and citizens of the United Provinces. He took the cuſtomary oaths as Duke of Brabant, outſide the gates of Antwerp, in the preſence of the Prince of Orange and his youthful ſon Maurice. A ſucceſſion of feaſts and pageants followed with magnificent proceſſions, for which Belgium has long been celebrated. Allegorical figures perſonating Religion, Juſtice, Prudence and Fortitude, Patriotiſm and Patience, greeted the Duke, who was ſoon, however, to diſpel the fair hopes which aſcribed theſe virtues to him. In violation of hoſpitality, gratitude, and oaths the moſt ſolemn and reiterated, he conſpired to ſeize and ſack Antwerp, and to make his ſovereignty abſolute. The courage of the citizens defeated his attempt, but the baſeneſs which he ſhowed confirmed the worſt auguries of Sidney.

For ſome time after this ſhort viſit to the Netherlands, Sidney appears to have been unemployed in any public capacity. He ſought in vain for a career in which he might do honourable ſervice to his country. He applied to the

Lord Treaſurer to be joined with the Earl of Warwick in the adminiſtration of the Ordnance Office. "I deſire it more," he ſaid, "for the being buſied in a matter of ſome ſerviceable experience, than for any other commodity, which I think is but ſmall that can be made of it." The Earl deſired that this arrangement ſhould be made for his nephew, and the Queen gave her conſent. But impediments were thrown in the way, and Sidney wrote the following characteriſtic letter to Burleigh:—

"RIGHT HONOURABLE MY SINGULAR GOOD LORD,

"WITHOUT carrying with me any further reaſon of this boldneſs than your well-known goodneſs unto me, I humbly crave of your Lordſhip your good word unto her Majeſty for the confirming of the grant ſhe once made unto me of joining me patent with the Earl of Warwick, whoſe deſire is that it ſhould be ſo. The larger diſcovering whereof I will omit as ſuperfluous to your wiſdom, neither will I uſe more plenty of words, till God make me able to print them in ſome ſerviceable effect towards your Lordſhip. In the mean time I will pray for your long and proſperous life, and ſo humbly take my leave.

"At Ramſbury, this 20th of July, 1583. Your Lordſhip's moſt humbly at commandment,

"PHILIP SIDNEY."

He ſtill maintained private, though not intimate, friendſhip with Burleigh; for about the ſame time he wrote to him, touching gracefully the loſs which the Treaſurer had ſuſtained by the death of his daughter's huſband, Mr. Wm. Wentworth:—

"I came up hoping to have been myſelf a deliverer of the encloſed letter, and ſo to have laid my father's mind and matters in your Lordſhip's hand, as on whoſe advice and diſcretion he dependeth. But finding here the loſs that your Lordſhip hath of late had, it made me both at firſt delay the ſending and now the bringing; leſt, becauſe we were dear friends and companions together, my ſight might ſtir ſome grief in your Lordſhip."

Sidney obtained at length the appointment to the Ordnance Office, but not without two years' more delay. His patent is dated July 21, 1585. This part of his life illuſtrates the truth of the familiar lines,—

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune
> Omitted, the remainder of the voyage
> Is bound in ſhallows."

Such a tide had offered itſelf to him. Birth, genius, royal favour, ariſtocratic connection, efficient ſervice rendered to the State, concurred to raiſe him at the age of twenty-three to the top of the wave of honour. Yet after the lapſe of ſix years he was advanced no further. His father had propoſed that he ſhould be aſſociated with himſelf in the government of Ireland, when it was thought likely to be offered to him once more; but the plan had fallen to the ground. He was ſtill Mr. Philip Sidney. Men whoſe qualities were in all reſpects poor compared with his, had ſurpaſſed him in the race for worldly poſition. His great influence with the Queen and her chief adviſers had been uſed and partially conſumed during theſe years without any material advantage to himſelf. It had been ſpent in recommending others to favour; obſcure men of genius, poor poets, poor muſicians, poor ſoldiers, and men of all kinds who either deſerved or needed patronage; and he had riſked his whole intereſt for his country's good, when he endeavoured to diſſuade the Queen from a marriage on which her heart was ſet. She ſeems never to have liked him from that time forward. "She was very apt," Walſingham ſaid, "on every light occaſion to find fault with him." Yet it muſt be allowed that ſhe had ſome excuſe, and her conduct to Sidney was in the main generous

and royal. She admired his character, and recognized his merits with a good grace, though often tardily. But the Lord Treaſurer ſtood in his way. The intrepid frankneſs, which captivated while it provoked Elizabeth, had no charms for Burleigh. He was both diſtruſtful and jealous of him, as mere politicians are apt to be of a truly magnanimous man. Sharing the French diplomatiſt's horror of zeal, he ſhrank, perhaps without any ill will towards Sidney, from uſing his ſervices; and it was a part of his policy, as Bacon obſerved and felt, to keep able men in the background. Sidney was accuſed to the Queen of ambition, becauſe he bore his forced inaction impatiently; and of pride, becauſe he diſdained the mean arts of courtiers. But if he failed to float forward on the tide which would have borne him to fortune, it was mainly the reſult of his own choice. He had ſet his ſails another way, adopting the counſel of his favourite lines from Horace:—

> "You better ſure ſhall live not evermore
> Trying high ſeas."

The aim of his life had been neither fortune nor glory, but to live well. He had his reward in the praiſe and love of the worthieſt men of his

own and of all ſucceeding times, and a ſtill higher witneſs in his conſcience that he had choſen the right path. It is hardly a matter for ſurpriſe or regret that he miſſed the vulgar prizes of a ſucceſsful life. Thoſe who enjoy continued proſperity in ſtate affairs, have commonly to lay aſide ſome virtuous ſcruples, which cannot be deemed faſtidious, for they preſerve the whiteneſs of the ſoul.

Some unpubliſhed MS. notices among the State Papers occupy, though very imperfectly, a vacant ſpace in Sidney's biography which has hitherto appeared a blank. His name occurs from time to time in correſpondence with various perſons, always in a poſition of ſome weight and influence, though not ſuch as to alter materially the prevailing impreſſion that his ſervices were little uſed. He ſeems to have been appointed Captain of the Iſle of Wight, in March, 1583. His name occurs with the rank of General of Horſe, in a muſter roll of the army, in 1584; and he is ſent with ſome authority to Dover to conſult with the Royal commiſſioners upon the repair of the harbour. He is alſo implicated in numerous private matters, ſometimes ſuing for favours for his friends, making up quarrels, or interceding with the Spaniards for an Engliſh ſailor condemned to die for piracy.

At another time he appears in the leſs pleaſing aſpect of being enriched, unwillingly, from the fines paid by recuſants. Altogether Sidney led a buſy though certainly not an eventful life at that time. But the world preſented ſo many grand enterpriſes, that what would in another age have been only laudable ſtillneſs and contentment, appeared then as no better than ſloth.

Sidney meditated various ſchemes at his leiſure, among which he chiefly inclined to American diſcovery. His imagination had long ago been excited by the reports of Frobiſher and his companions, one of whom brought from Nova Scotia a nugget of gold which raiſed high expectations in England, though it proved in the end to be worth no more than as much good building ſtone. Languet, with his uſual caution and forethought, had warned him againſt the ſnare of the Indies:—"Beware," he ſaid, "leſt the accurſed thirſt of gold ſhould creep into a mind which has hitherto admitted nothing but the love of truth and an anxiety to deſerve well of all men." More recently his intereſt in the unexplored marvels of the Weſt, had been revived by the publication, in 1582, of Hakluyt's "Divers Voyages touching the Diſcovery of America and the Iſlands adjacent," which was dedicated to Sidney. "We are half

perſuaded," he wrote to Sir Edward Stafford, the ambaſſador at Paris, "to enter into the journey of Sir Humphrey Gilbert very eagerly, whereunto your Mr. Hakluyt hath ſerved for a very good trumpet." Hakluyt in his dedication craves of Sidney pardon for overboldneſs, truſting alſo that he will "continue and increaſe his accuſtomed favour towards theſe godly and honourable diſcoveries." His book is an account of the voyages of Cabot and others, and an attractive deſcription of Florida, originally addreſſed to Francis I. of France, by one Verazzano. Under the name of Florida is compriſed the whole coaſt of the preſent Slave States of America. This country is deſcribed as being ſupplied with the richeſt natural wealth: gold, ſilver, copper, lead, turquoiſes and pearls, "in ſo marvellous abundance as is ſcarce credible," ſome of them being as big as acorns. A ſoil of great fertility, bearing two crops of wheat in the year; firs, vines of great ſize, all kinds of plants, and "in ſhort, nothing lacking for the life of man." Fair havens for ſhips at all tides, large rivers, a temperate climate, "marvellous pleaſant," ſo that in the hotteſt time of year the ſailors had no ſickneſs in thirty-eight degrees of latitude. The people "of a good and ſerviceable nature, which will be content to ſerve thoſe that ſhall with gentleneſs

and humanity go about to allure them, as it is needful for thoſe that be ſent thither hereafter ſo to do." In addition to the advantages of a ſettlement on this coaſt, Hakluyt encourages the hope of diſcovering the great queſt of Atlantic navigators, a north-weſt paſſage to the Indies. He ſubmits reaſons for expecting to find a paſſage in lat. 58°, where the name of Frobiſher's Strait preſerves the track of that famous ſeaman, and the deluſive opening of Hudſon's Bay explains the author's error. A map of the ſuppoſed route is added; and Hakluyt propounds as a phyſical law the hardy axiom, "Nature has made no ſea unnavigable, nor land unhabitable."

Sidney had poſſibly been ſtill further allured towards theſe adventures by the eloquent tongue of Walter Raleigh, Sir Humphrey Gilbert's half-brother, who faſcinated all who approached him by his dazzling pictures of glory, dominion, and wealth to be gained in the Weſt. That wonderful man, who ſeems the complete imperſonation of the genius and valour of Elizabeth's reign, was nearly of the ſame age with Sidney, and they had been at Oxford together. In Court politics they were oppoſed, particularly in reference to the French marriage; for Raleigh was a friend of Suſſex, under whom he had ſerved, and wno had

been Leiceſter's chief rival. In 1579, Raleigh bore Oxford's meſſage to Sidney, propoſing an agreement. In 1582, they were aſſociated in the eſcort of Anjou to the Netherlands. They were alſo united by the cloſer bond of common friendſhip for Spenſer. Both were of the ſame mind in deſiring to anticipate the hoſtile deſigns of Spain by increaſing the Engliſh navy and attacking the Spaniſh colonies. Both were heartily attached to their native country and to the Proteſtant religion. In character, though eſſentially unlike, there were many points of ſympathy between them. Both were men of rare imagination and enterpriſe, eager alike for knowledge and for fame. The talents of each were almoſt equally verſatile. Raleigh was perhaps the ſuperior in graſp of intellect and force of will, though his reputation dates from a riper time of life than Sidney attained. Sidney's character is marked in contraſt by a reſtleſs aſpiration after a more than earthly ideal. He was ſo made that he could not long contemplate the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them without feeling, by and by, a deep ſenſe of their vanity, however much his fancy might for a time be delighted. The extent of the private acquaintance of Raleigh and Sidney is doubtful. In ſome lines,

which are believed on good authority to be Raleigh's, written after Sidney's death, he ſays,—

> "I that, in thy time and living ſtate,
> Did only praiſe thy virtues in my thought;"

but theſe verſes, while they make the intimate friendſhip of the two queſtionable, ſeem to imply ſome degree of perſonal knowledge.

Sidney purſued his ſcheme of colonization ſo far as to obtain a grant of three million acres of American land, yet to be diſcovered; and of this he ſold portions to other gentlemen who were diſpoſed to join in his adventure. Among the State Papers is an indenture by which 30,000 acres of Sidney's eſtate are conveyed to Sir George Peckham, of Denham, in Kent.* Happily, however, Sidney did not ſail with Sir Humphrey Gilbert. That fatal voyage was undertaken with

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* Domeſtic Series, CLXI. 44. Mr. Bourne has ſtated the purport of this deed incorrectly. (Memoir, p. 372.) Sidney did not transfer his whole American eſtate to Sir George Peckham. I have ventured (p. 143) to refer Sidney's letter to Sir Edward Stafford on Gilbert's voyage to this time, July, 1583. The date which is given in the Sidney Papers (p. 298), and copied by Mr. Bourne (p. 421), is a year later. But Gilbert's journey was over long before July, 1584.

the faireſt hopes. The Queen ſent Sir Humphrey a jewel repreſenting an anchor guided by a lady, with a meſſage to the effect that ſhe wiſhed as well to his ſhip as if ſhe were herſelf on board. But misfortune attended the expedition from the firſt. Two ſhips out of five, Raleigh's being one of them, were compelled to return, diſabled by contagious ſickneſs among the crew. Another was wrecked, and a fourth, Sir Humphrey's own, the Squirrel, after having laid claim to Newfoundland, went down with all hands in a ſtorm. It has often been related in verſe and proſe how he was laſt heard encouraging his men in words which became a hero and a Chriſtian, "Be of good heart, my friends! we are as near to heaven on the ocean as on land." The remaining veſſel, the Golden Hind, returned alone, bearing the news of the acquiſition and the diſaſter.

Next year Raleigh, nothing daunted, fitted out another expedition at his own coſt, and with far better ſucceſs. He planted the royal ſtandard on the American coaſt to the north of Florida. In honour of the Virgin Queen he called that whole region Virginia, under which illuſtrious name his patent of diſcovery and right of ſettlement were confirmed to him by a Parliamentary committee, of which Sidney was a member.

In the mean time, Sidney's life, though barren of brilliant achievements, was not idle nor unprofitable. Beſides literary works, which have been noticed in the laſt chapter, he was engaged in a copious foreign correſpondence. Dupleſſis Mornay wrote to him frequently, not only as to a private friend, but regarding Sidney as an able and influential ally of his maſter, the King of Navarre. It is a wide field for ſpeculation to inquire what might have been the reſult if Sidney's policy of recognizing and aiding the Huguenots had been followed with deciſion and conſtancy. Perhaps at that time the reſources of England were unequal to ſuch an effort. In July, 1583, Mornay complained that for three months he had not heard from Sidney, and inquired whether he was married, that ſo unuſual an interval had occurred in their correſpondence. He had gueſſed rightly. Sidney was married during this ſummer, having choſen for his wife Frances Walſingham, daughter of the far-ſighted and wily ſtateſman who had been his faſt friend ever ſince he had ſheltered him, in his boyhood, from the maſſacre of Paris. He had alſo become Sir Philip Sidney.

From a few ſcattered hints Dame Frances Sidney may be deſcribed as a beautiful young girl,

of a homely diſpoſition little in harmony with her eventful fortunes. Elizabeth, as her manner was, ſpoke of her ſlightingly; but ſhe ſeems to have deſerved and earned the affectionate eſteem of her huſband. There is no ground for the aſſumption which has been made that his heart ſtill wandered after Lady Rich; though the ordinary courſe of human nature would ſuggeſt that the romance of love had forſaken him with her.

The marriage contract was arranged by the parents. Sir Henry Sidney, in the valuable autobiographical letter to Walſingham, to which reference has been made more than once,* ſays, "I rejoice in the alliance with all my heart . . . . I know that it is the virtue which is, or that you ſuppoſe is, in my ſon, that you made choice of him for your daughter, refuſing happily far greater and far richer matches." On the other hand, he declares bluntly, "If I had regarded any preſent gain, I might have received a great ſum of money for the goodwill of my ſon's marriage, much to the relief of my preſent biting neceſſity." Young men in that day deferred to their elders in a degree which now appears extraordinary. Thus Philip's relation to Leiceſter

* State Papers, vol. CLIX. Ludlow, March 1, 1582-3.

had led him, in 1582,* to aſk leave to abſent himſelf from Court, for his health and for other reaſons, with the ſimplicity of a child. Sir Henry deſcribes his three ſons as "one of excellent good promiſe, the ſecond of great good hope, the third not to be deſpaired, but very well to be liked." His eſtate, however, was greatly embarraſſed. "I am now 54 years of age, toothleſs and trembling, being 5000*l.* in debt, and 30,000*l.* worſe than I was at the death of my moſt dear lord and maſter, King Edward VI. Commend me," he concludes, "moſt heartily to my good lady, couſin, and ſiſter, your wife, and bleſs and buſs our ſweet daughter. And if you will vouchſafe, beſtow a bleſſing on the young knight, Sir Philip." Sidney had been knighted at Windſor, in January. He was deputed to receive the Order of the Garter at the inſtallation of his friend Prince Caſimir,† whom Elizabeth had inveſted with her own hands four years before. Thus the honour of which he was moſt worthy was conferred upon him by a byway. After being for years renowned throughout Europe as

* Collins, i. 392. The date of this letter is doubtful in the manuſcript, the numbers being imperfectly formed.

† This circumſtance is explained by Mr. Bourne, p. 364.

a pattern of chivalry, he obtained the dignity of knighthood as proxy of another.

Soon afterwards, his attention was called to a matter which touched him very nearly, but in which it cannot be expected or wiſhed that others ſhould participate in his feelings. An anonymous pamphlet appeared, in 1584, called "Leiceſter's Commonwealth," the purpoſe of which was to vilify and defame the Earl of Leiceſter. It is generally underſtood to have been the work of an Engliſh Jeſuit, Robert Parſons, a man of bad character and indefatigable hoſtility to Elizabeth's government. Commencing with a plauſible air of impartiality, this book proceeds to load the Earl with the moſt loathſome imputations. While the authorſhip was ſtill uncertain, Sidney applied himſelf to defend his uncle; and wrote a reply which was found in manuſcript at Penſhurſt in the middle of the laſt century. This "Defence of Leiceſter" has been praiſed by Horace Walpole, who otherwiſe diſparages Sidney, as being a favourable ſpecimen of his powers. It ſeems, however, to be no more than a rough draft, not finally prepared for publication; nor is it truly a defence at all. Sidney argues with reaſon that the libel is a covert attack upon the Queen through her favourite, and he convicts

the author of ſome hiſtorical blunders, as well as of multiplying inconſiſtent ſlanders againſt Leiceſter. But the greater part of his anſwer is devoted to an elaborate and ſpirited expoſure of the falſehood that the Dudleys were baſe-born, which touched himſelf. "I truly am glad," he ſaid, "to have cauſe to ſet forth the nobility of that blood whereof I am deſcended, which but upon ſo juſt cauſe without vainglory could not have been uttered." As for the accuſations from which Leiceſter had real need to be defended, Sidney paſſes them by as merely falſe and malicious; reciting them with ſcorn, "diſſimulation, hypocriſy, adultery, falſehood, treachery, poiſon, rebellion, treaſon, cowardice, atheiſm, and what not." The character which hiſtory has delivered of the Earl to our own time cannot ſo lightly be exonerated from this black catalogue. Yet there is every reaſon for ſuppoſing that Sidney believed him to be innocent. Even now the charges are ſtrong ſuſpicions rather than proved crimes. On the two graveſt, the death of Amy Robſart, and that of Walter, Earl of Eſſex, Leiceſter was forward in demanding an inquiry, which ſeems in each caſe to have been fairly conducted, and yet failed to bring home any guilt to him. The very animoſity of his Jeſuit aſſailant is in his

favour, as indicating that his power was adverſe to Papal intereſts. But among his own countrymen alſo his guilt or innocence was made a party queſtion, and partiſan attacks were of the bittereſt kind. His rivals in the Queen's favour, and the old enemies of his family, did not ſhrink from uſing any calumny which Jeſuit agents might invent. Hence it was natural that his own nephew and adopted heir ſhould diſdain as ſlanders the matters which ſeem to us to call for careful ſifting. Moreover, Robert Dudley was one of the moſt perſuaſive of men, and a profound diſſembler. Though perſonally ſumptuous, and a patron of plays and revels, he was a Puritan in religion, and his diſcourſe was ſeaſoned with proteſtations of piety and honeſty. Sidney had the generous weakneſs of being ſomewhat blind to faults in his kindred; and upon no ſubject was his judgment leſs ſure than where they were concerned. Leiceſter had been to the Sidneys a conſtant and affectionate friend, beyond what the ties of blood between them demanded. His graciouſneſs of manners, and munificence towards men of letters, contraſted agreeably with the Queen's parſimony and the harſh integrity of Burleigh. It was of ſtill more conſequence, that he was the foremoſt advocate in England of

hoſtility to the King of Spain and the Pope. Where hypocriſy acts like virtue, detection is almoſt impoſſible. At this particular moment Leiceſter was ſtraining all his intereſt, and preparing to riſk his whole private fortune, for the promotion of the alliance between England and the Netherlands. Whatever ſelfiſh ambition may have been in his own mind, his public conduct for the time was that of a patriot.

The revolt of the Netherlands had reached a criſis. In June, 1584, the Duke of Anjou died of a ſtrange and painful diſeaſe, ſweating blood like his brother Charles IX. This event would have been comparatively unimportant, if William of Orange had lived to hold the Provinces together by his commanding influence; but he alſo died a month later, aſſaſſinated by a fanatical Papiſt. It was no longer poſſible for the Dutch to carry on the war againſt Spain without foreign aſſiſtance. The inflexible reſolution to be free, and the wiſdom of their devoted leader, had hitherto been a match for the ſtrategy and treaſure oppoſed to them; but now, without a head, the States were likely to fall aſunder. They were willing therefore to offer to France or England the ſovereignty of a larger and far more flouriſhing territory than the preſent kingdom of Holland, in conſideration of being

protected in their laws and liberty. If neither France nor England would eſpouſe their cauſe, they could not much longer refuſe Philip's overtures of peace; and peace involved the Spaniſh Inquiſition, Spaniſh garriſons, Spaniſh magiſtrates, the Maſs, the deſtruction of their ancient conſtitutions, the loſs of the Bible and of religious freedom, with every conceivable circumſtance of oppreſſion and revenge. To France, as moſt favourably ſituated for their defence, they made their firſt appeal. It was ſeconded by a propoſal from Elizabeth to Henry. On the occaſion of Anjou's death Sidney was choſen* to condole with the King and with the Queen-mother Catharine, and to propoſe a league between England and France for the purpoſe of giving ſuccour to the Netherlands. He was charged to expreſs the Queen's affection for Anjou, her private grief at his loſs, and her hope that the friendſhip which had been between the King and herſelf might continue unbroken. He was directed to call the king's attention to the ſtate of the Low Countries in a ſecond interview.

"In conſequence of the lamented death of the Prince of Orange," Elizabeth propoſed that Eng-

* Cotton MS. Brit. Mus. Galba, E. vi. 241.

land and France ſhould take ſome meaſures in concert for defence of "the poor afflicted people of the Low Countries, who without ſome preſent aſſiſtance will not be able to hold out." She was willing to make either a ſecret or an open league with Henry; but Sidney was not empowered to treat any further than to receive propoſals. The French king had already ſhown ſo much change and coldneſs that Elizabeth was greatly diſſatisfied, and Sidney was ordered to return with ſpeed if he ſhould meet with a cool reception. He did not, however, go to Paris. His miſſion was delayed at firſt by the king's abſence in the ſouth of France; and it was finally abandoned, upon the accounts which Walſingham received of Henry's diſpoſition.* Henry, overawed by Guiſe, ſhrank from the proſpect of a war with Spain, added to civil wars in his own kingdom. During many months he kept the Dutch in ſuſpenſe, while he negotiated with Philip with the view of turning their offer to his own profit. At length he let the envoys go with a diſcourteous refuſal. They then appealed to England, and Elizabeth received them favourably. She gave them audience without delay, and

* MS. State Paper Office. Letters of Sir E. Stafford, July 23,—Auguſt 10, 1584.

explained her intentions in a Latin ſpeech with great clearneſs and energy. Abſolutely declining for herſelf the ſovereignty of the United Provinces, ſhe conſented to ſend an Engliſh army to their aſſiſtance. In doing this, ſhe told the deputies, ſhe knew ſhe would offend the King of Spain as much as if ſhe did more. "But what care I?" ſhe continues. "We muſt all die once. I know very well that many princes are my enemies, and are ſeeking my ruin; and that where malice is joined with force, malice often arrives at its ends. But I am not ſo feeble a princeſs that I have not the means and the will to defend myſelf againſt them all. They are ſeeking to take my life, but it troubles me not. He who is on high has defended me until this hour, and will keep me ſtill, for in Him do I truſt."*

Thus England embarked into the conflict with Spain, for which Sidney had long waited anxiouſly. As a ſoldier he deſired to take part in the great continental wars in which Raleigh, Norris, and others of his aſſociates had already gained renown. But he wiſhed for war upon the deeper ground which alone can juſtify the wiſh, looking to war as the ſafeguard of truth and liberty. While his

* Motley, United Netherlands, I.

heart went along with the perſecuted citizens of Ghent, Bruſſels, and other famous towns reduced or about to be reduced to ſervile miſery, he alſo feared for his own dear country ſimilar evils; and he regarded timely reſiſtance to Philip as the beſt means of ſelf-preſervation. How vital to England was the independence of the States, was ſpeedily proved in the year of the Armada, when Parma waited in vain for a fleet to tranſport his fierce veterans acroſs the Channel. The relative condition of Holland and Belgium, a century later, gives the means of comparing the miſchief of war with that of ſuch a peace as the King of Spain's.

The Earl of Leiceſter was appointed to the command of the army; and Sidney hoped to obtain the poſt of governor of Fluſhing, one of the towns which were to be held in pledge by the Engliſh. He was again diſappointed. A rumour reached him that the poſt was likely to be given to ſome other perſon. More ſerious rumours ſpread that the Queen had changed her mind, and that the expedition would not proceed. She had indeed ſhown ſome diſpoſition to waver in her purpoſe, and it was only by means of the ſtrenuous efforts of Walſingham and Leiceſter that the agreement with the States was carried out. Time was loſt in details of negotiation till it was

too late to ſave Antwerp, which capitulated in Auguſt, after a ſiege which is memorable in hiſtory for the extraordinary ſkill and valour which was diſplayed on both ſides. And now Sidney gave up his whole mind to the project which he had long cheriſhed, of founding a colony in the Weſt Indies. His plans were concerted with Sir Francis Drake, who had lately received knighthood for his important diſcoveries, and for his great though unſcrupulous ſervices as a privateer. They were not well-aſſorted companions. In colonization, as in other things, Sidney placed a lofty ſtandard before himſelf. It was his aim to avoid the faults of thoſe who had made colonies of brigands and fugitives. Like Bacon, he felt that "it is a ſhameful and unbleſſed thing to take the ſcum of people and wicked condemned men, to be the people with whom you plant."* Sidney had perſuaded thirty gentlemen of good family and fortune to ſell 100*l.* worth of land each for the expedition: he had alſo prevailed on the United Provinces to engage to aſſiſt him with a ſecond fleet. Lord Brooke deſcribes him as propoſing to all claſſes of honeſt men inducements according to their diſpoſition:—fame, conqueſt, and adventure over a

† Eſſay, Of Plantations.

boundleſs expanſe of land and ſea, for thoſe who deſired it; for the miſſionary, the proſpect of converting the heathen, and reclaiming the "poor Chriſtians" who had been led aſtray by Romiſh idolatry; to the ingenious and induſtrious, abundance of natural riches for uſeful arts to work upon; while the word gold was a general allurement to every ſort. It was agreed between Sidney and Drake that they ſhould have the joint command of the fleet; but that, ſo long as the expedition was fitting out, the nominal commander ſhould be Drake alone. Sidney kept ſecret his purpoſe of ſailing, for fear of being detained by the Queen. The ſame apprehenſion led him to uſe artifice in leaving the Court. The fleet, which Drake was proviſioning with funds ſupplied by Sidney, lay at Plymouth. As it happened, news reached the Court of Don Antonio's expected arrival at that port, at the very time when Sidney received word that Drake's preparations were complete. He ſeized the excuſe of going to meet Don Antonio, and left Richmond without ſuſpicion. But on his arrival at Plymouth he found unexpected delays on the part of Drake. The ſhips had been ſaid to be ready, waiting only for a favourable wind; now the wind was favourable, yet no orders were given to ſail. At night

Greville confided to Sidney, as they lay awake together, that Drake's procraſtination appeared to him wilful. He rejected the ſuſpicion, but obſerved for himſelf, and in a few days he was convinced of its truth. By that time the Queen had notice of Sidney's plan; and meſſengers were ſent to ſtop his departure, or, in caſe of his refuſal, to ſtop the fleet. The firſt meſſenger was intercepted, and deprived of his papers by two of Sir Philip's followers in diſguiſe. The next was a peer of the realm, who threatened him with the Queen's ſevere diſpleaſure if he ſhould perſiſt; at the ſame time offering to him the governorſhip of Fluſhing with the military rank of general of horſe. Sidney ſubmitted to the royal mandate, and Drake ſet ſail without him on September 17th.

Elizabeth was ſo well pleaſed with Sidney's obedience that, inſtead of puniſhing him for this attempt, ſhe conferred upon him an unuſual honour. While he was preparing to depart for the Netherlands his wife bore him a daughter, and the Queen came up to London from Richmond to be preſent at the chriſtening as godmother. This was in November. Immediately afterwards, having paid a ſhort viſit to Leiceſter at Wanſtead, Sidney ſailed for Fluſhing, where he and the ſupplies of money which he brought were anxiouſly expected.

CHAPTER VI.

WAR IN THE NETHERLANDS.

"Auch die Tugend
Hat ihre Helden, wie der Ruhm, das Glück."
WALLENSTEIN'S *Tod.*

FLUSHING is built on the ſouthern ſhore of the ſwampy iſland of Walcheren, which has ſince acquired a melancholy celebrity in the annals of Great Britain. The climate is unhealthy, eſpecially for foreigners; but the town, from its ſituation, is of the firſt military and naval importance. With the two outlying forts of Rammekins and Breſkins, on either ſide of the Scheld, it commands the approach to Antwerp from the ſea. Its maritime poſition is convenient for guarding or threatening the whole coaſt of the Netherlands; and its ample harbour admits the largeſt veſſels to anchor alongſide the quays. Sidney's paſſage, on Thurſday, Nov. 18, was ſo

ſtormy that he was unable to enter the harbour, and landed at Rammekins. He was received at Fluſhing by Edward Norris, a young man of diſtinguiſhed valour, who had landed with the firſt diviſion of the Engliſh contingent, and held the town till the arrival of the governor, who took the oaths of office on Sunday the 21ſt. In the following urgent letter to the Earl of Leiceſter, Sidney gives his firſt impreſſions of the ſtate of affairs in Zealand.*

"RIGHT HONOURABLE MY SINGULAR GOOD LORD,

"UPON Thurſday we came into this town, driven to land at Ramekins, becauſe the wind began to riſe in ſuch ſort as our maſters durſt not anchor before the town; and from thence came with as dirty a walk as ever poor governor entered his charge withal. I find the people very glad of me, and promiſe myſelf as much ſurety in keeping this town as popular goodwill, gotten by light hopes and by as ſlight conceits, may breed me; for indeed the garriſon is far too weak to command by authority, which is pity; for how great a jewel this is to the crown of Eng-

* This and the following letters are copied, with a few unimportant emendations, from Mr. Gray's Collection.

land, I need not write to your Lordſhip, who knows it ſo well. Yet, I muſt needs ſay, the better I know it, the more I find the precioufneſs of it. I have ſent to Mr. Norris for my couſin's Scots company, for Colonel Morgan's, and my brother's (which I mean to put in the Ramekins), but I doubt I ſhall but change, and not increaſe, the enſigns, by any more than mine own company, for fear of breeding jealouſies in this people, which is carried more by ſhows than ſubſtance; and therefore the way muſt be rather to increaſe the number of men in each company, than the companies, and that may be done eaſily enough, with their good liking; but I mean to innovate as little as may be till your Lordſhip's coming, which is here longed for as Meſſias is of the Jews; but indeed moſt neceſſary is it that your Lordſhip make great ſpeed to reform both the Dutch and Engliſh abuſes.

" I am more and more perſuaded that, with that proportion which her Majeſty alloweth, the country is fully able to maintain the wars, if what they do be well ordered, and not abuſed, as it is by the States; and that they look for at your Lordſhip's hands: it being ſtrange that the people ſhow themſelves far more careful than the governors be in all things touching the public.

" The taking of the ſconces by Mr. Norris was of good moment; but now his lying before Nimeguen is greatly feared will both waſte his men, (beſide the danger of the enemy, who very ſtrongly marcheth that way,) and little prevail, there being a great river between him and the city. But the great ſufficiency of the gentleman may overweigh other conjectures. Mr. Edward Norris delivered the companies here unto me, whom he had very well and ſoldierly governed, but the companies indeed very ſickly and miſerable. Good my Lord, haſte away, if you do come, for all things conſidered I had rather you came not at all, than came not quickly; for only by your own preſence theſe courſes may be ſtopped, which, if they run on, will be paſt remedy. Here is Aldegonde, a man greatly ſuſpected, but by no man charged. He lives reſtrained to his houſe, and, for aught I can find, deals with nothing, only deſiring to have his cauſe wholly referred to your Lordſhip, and therefore with the beſt heed I can to his proceedings, I will leave him to his clearing or condemning when your Lordſhip ſhall hear him. I think truly if my coming had been longer delayed, ſome alteration would have followed; for the truth is, the people is weary of war, and if they do not ſee ſuch a

courſe taken as may be likely to defend them, they will on a ſudden give over the cauſe. The Hollanders have newly made Count Maurice Governor of Holland and Zealand, which only grew by the delays of your Lordſhip's coming; but I cannot perceive any meaning of either diminiſhing or croſſing your Lordſhip's authority, but rather that the Count means wholly to depend on your Lordſhip's authority.

" With 3000*l.* charges I could find means ſo to lodge myſelf and ſoldiers in this town, as would in an extremity command it, where now we are at their mercy. The enemy threatens divers places, as Oſtend, Sluys, Bergen, and Bomel, but yet we have no certain news what he will attempt: but whatſoever it be, there is great likelihood he will endanger it: the ſoldiers are ſo evil paid and provided of everything that is neceſſary. I have dealt earneſtly with the States of Zealand, for the relief of Oſtend, but yet can obtain nothing but delays. To conclude, all will be loſt if government be not preſently uſed. Mr. Daviſon* is here very careful in her Majeſty's cauſes, and in your Lordſhip's; he takes

* William Daviſon, who ſoon afterwards was ſacrificed by Elizabeth, for his ſhare in the execution of Mary.

great pains therein, and goes to great charges for it. I am yet ſo new here that I cannot write ſo important matters as perhaps hereafter I ſhall, and therefore I will not any further triflingly trouble your Lordſhip, but humbly leave you to the bleſſed protection of the Almighty. At Fluſhing, this 22nd of November, 1585.

" Your Lordſhip's moſt humble

" And obedient nephew,

" PHILIP SIDNEY.

" Mr. Edward Norris, as likewiſe his brother, put great hope in your Lordſhip, which I have thought good to nouriſh, becauſe I think it fit for your Lordſhip's ſervice. Mr. Edward would fain have charge of horſes, and for cauſe will ſeek to erect a company here. I am beholding to this bearer, Captain Fenton."

Aldegonde, who is deſcribed in this letter as living in retirement at Fluſhing, had been burgomaſter of Antwerp. His truſt in the Prince of Parma had expoſed him to the ſuſpicion of treachery, when he found himſelf reduced to ſurrender the city. But though his conduct ſeems to have been wanting in prudence, his character was ſufficiently high to be his vindication. He was one

of the moſt eminent of the friends of William of Orange, and his varied talents had been devoted conſiſtently during his whole life to the Proteſtant cauſe. But ſince William's death the deſire for peace, at any price, had gained ſtrength in the hearts of the patriots. The Spaniſh armies had never been commanded by a general ſo formidable in the field and ſo full of reſources as Alexander Farneſe, the Prince of Parma. His political ability was hardly leſs eminent; and his mercy conciliated many whom the cruelties of Alva had made deſperate. Compared with his predeceſſors, Parma may deſerve praiſe for clemency. Aldegonde and other ſtateſmen were willing to hope that a ſimilar change for the better, whether it were enlightenment or kindneſs, had come over the temper of Philip. At the ſame time they grew weary of expecting efficient help from abroad. The diſdain and bad faith with which France had met their offer of ſovereignty had greatly depreſſed them; and thoſe who were inclined to the Engliſh alliance grew heart-ſick at Elizabeth's delays.

At length Leiceſter ſailed, with a brilliant train of Engliſh peers and knights. He was accompanied, or followed ſoon afterwards, by the Earls of Northumberland, Oxford, and Eſſex, Lords Sheffield, Audley, Willoughby, North, and

Burgh; and a large force of infantry and cavalry. They landed at Fluſhing, and Sidney eſcorted his uncle thence to the Hague. Paſſing on the way through the moſt populous and thriving part of Zealand and Holland, the Engliſh were aſtoniſhed at the proſperous aſpect of the country, and ſtill more at the cities, which ſurpaſſed thoſe of their own land. The general was equally ſurpriſed by the welcome with which the people greeted him. His progreſs reſembled a triumph. The Dutch were now convinced that Elizabeth's profeſſions were in earneſt; and their own hiſtorian ſpeaks of Leiceſter as having "a certain pleaſant and winning majeſty both in his countenance and ſpeech,"* which gained him for a time unbounded popularity. On New Year's Day, 1586, a deputation from the States propoſed to him that he ſhould accept the office of abſolute Governor-General of the Seven United Provinces, Flanders, Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Frieſland, Gelderland, and Zutphen. He had been forbidden by the Queen's private inſtructions to take any ſuch office; but he eagerly graſped, nevertheleſs, at the dignities which were offered. His moſt prudent adviſers, both Engliſh and Dutch,

* Grotius, Annals.

ſupported him in this courſe, in ignorance of the limits which the Queen had aſſigned to him. The Dutch repreſented, in ſtrong terms, their need of a ſupreme governor to direct the war, and hold together the various ſtates. Daviſon, the able ambaſſador of Elizabeth, urged the ſame plan, and probably it was advocated by Sidney alſo, for the Queen afterwards threw the chief blame on him. Leiceſter, intoxicated with ambition and vanity, neglected to excuſe his diſobedience to her. She was juſtly indignant, but beyond all bounds; and, in her anger, ſhe propoſed to take ſuch violent meaſures that Burleigh, though no warm friend to Leiceſter, threatened to reſign.* Eventually the Lord-Lieutenant was compelled to retract his pretenſions, and from thenceforward the Dutch loſt confidence in him, and his authority was crippled. Elizabeth had not only been offended by the affront to her dignity. She was alſo inclined, like Aldegonde and his party in Holland, to liſten credulouſly to the pacific overtures by which Philip and Parma endeavoured to delude their adverſaries and gain

* Motley, United Netherlands, I. Throughout this chapter I have taken Mr. Motley's hiſtory as my chief authority for the illuſtration of Sidney's correſpondence.

time. Her heart was never enliſted ſincerely in the cauſe of the Dutch. Neither their rights, confirmed by ancient charters, nor their unparalleled ſufferings, outweighed in her mind the fact that they were rebels in arms againſt their ſovereign. Their religion was for the moſt part Calviniſt, which ſhe regarded with extreme averſion. Their democratic conſtitution was alſo diſpleaſing to her. Both ſhe and Leiceſter felt a haughty repugnance to becoming parties to contracts of ſtate with citizens. Having now taken the deciſive ſtep, ſhe was ſtill irreſolute; and the inevitable expenſe of the war almoſt determined her to recede.

Meanwhile the troops were ſtarving. Throughout the winter they were inſufficiently provided with clothes and food, and what little they had was chiefly at the private coſt of their officers. The ſupplies which the Queen granted, far too ſcantily and tardily, ſuffered further diminution in paſſing through the hands of the Army Treaſurer, Lord Norris, father of the two impetuous ſoldiers who are named in the previous letter. Sidney wrote to Walſingham,—"The treaſurer here pays our Zealand ſoldiers in Zealand money, which is five per cent. loſs to the poor ſoldiers, who, God knows, want no ſuch hindrances, being ſcarce able

to keep life with their entire pay. If the commodity thereof be truly anſwered the Queen, yet truly is it but a poor increaſe to her Majeſty, conſidering what loſs it is to the miſerable ſoldier. But if private lucre be made, it hath too hurtful a proportion to other abuſes here." Among theſe, he found reaſon to complain that the victuallers of the army availed themſelves of friendſhip with the officers to force "the poor men to buy at a dearer rate than they might provide themſelves." One of them ſent Sidney himſelf twelve tuns of beer, with a letter claiming the right to ſerve him. "But I have refuſed," he writes, "and can aſſure you that I am better ſerved by one half by my own man's proviſion; now judge you, Sir, how poor men are dealt with." While he thus dwells with much ſympathy upon the hardſhips and wrongs of the private ſoldiers, he ſpeaks in ſtrong terms of the ſmallneſs of the force under his command, which was quite inadequate to diſcharge the duty entruſted to him. "For myſelf, I am in a garriſon as much able to command Fluſhing as the Tower is to anſwer for London, and for aught I can yet learn it is hardly to be redreſſed; for the articles intend there muſt be 5,000 kept for the defence of the country, beſide the garriſons; ſo out of them, without ſome ado, they may be

hardly drawn. I mean truly, if I cannot have it helped here, to write a proteſtation thereof to her Majeſty and the Lords in the Council, as a thing that I can no way take on me to anſwer, if I be not increaſed by, at the leaſt, 400 men more than yet I have." Theſe remonſtrances of Sidney's vexed the Queen, but otherwiſe had little effect. Men were ſent, but not money, which was moſt urgently wanted. The newly-arrived recruits were ſcared at the gaunt and ſqualid appearance of their comrades, and deſerted in large numbers.

Sidney's expenſes on account of his ſoldiers went far beyond his means, and involved him deeply in debt. A few days after landing in Zealand he was obliged to borrow 300*l.* of a Dutch money-lender; and he wrote two months later to the general,—"I humbly beſeech your Excellency, becauſe I know my lieutenant hath been at the ſeaſide almoſt this month to my great expenſe, that I may have either a quarter aſſigned me, or elſe that to this place they may bring ſuch proviſion as the increaſing of the number will require. For elſe, I being not to demand pay till they be muſtered, nor to be muſtered till my number be complete, it will be too heavy a burden for me to bear, who, I proteſt to your Excellency, am ſo far from deſiring gain, that I am willing to ſpend all that I

can make; only my care is that I may be able to go through with it to your honour and ſervice, as I hope in God I ſhall." In the midſt of theſe anxieties we find him, as uſual, writing recommendatory letters for friends, officers, and ſervants, Norris, Arundel, Williams, Morgan, and others, with the moſt thoughtful intereſt in their affairs. His care for the ſoldiers under him was not confined to their temporal wants. He took pains to educate his men, and to ſee, as far as poſſible, that the Queen's injunctions to the army were fulfilled by them: "that they ſerved God, and demeaned themſelves religiouſly."

At the beginning of February, in ſpite of the difficulties with which he had to contend, Sidney was urging his uncle to take active meaſures againſt the enemy. The Spaniards occupied a line which was not far from coinciding with the preſent frontier of Belgium. It advanced, however, to the north-eaſt, and receded to the ſouth-weſt. Oſtend and the whole ſea-coaſt to Gravelines was in the hands of the allies. In the oppoſite direction the Spaniſh territory extended to Nimeguen on the Waal, and Parma threatened the neighbouring city of Grave on the Meuſe. But at that time he was very ill prepared to carry on hoſtilities. His army was reduced to ſix or eight thou-

ſand men, troops expert in every kind of warfare, but as ill ſupplied as the forces which were oppoſed to them. Parma aimed for the preſent at obtaining partial ſucceſſes over the Engliſh, luring them into ambuſcades by feigned ſurrenders. From the following paſſage this ſeems to have been attempted at Breda. It is part of a letter addreſſed to Leiceſter from Bergen-op-Zoom, where Sidney had a houſe.

"I am only to beſeech your Excellency, and if I may prevail with your Excellency to perſuade you, that if the journey into Frieſland be but upon ſuch general grounds as they were when I came away, which may as eaſily be done hereafter as now, that it will pleaſe you to ſend forces to the beſieging of Steenberg with 2,000 of your footmen, beſides them that thoſe quarters may ſpare, and 300 of your horſe with them here about, I will undertake upon my life either to win it, or to make the enemy raiſe his ſiege from Grave, or, which I moſt hope, both. And it ſhall be done in the ſight of the world, which is moſt honourable and profitable. For theſe matters of practices, I aſſure your Excellency they are dainty in reſpect of the doubleneſs which almoſt ever falls in them, and of the many impediments that fall in them, that if notable ſeaſons guide not, or ſome

worthy perſon anſwer for it, they are better omitted than attempted. Breda, undoubtedly, at leaſt I think undoubtedly, was but a trap; for our poor Engliſhmen might have been ſuffered to take a place, which they would never have ſtriven to put them out of, till they might have cut both them and us in pieces, who ſhould come to ſeize it. But as for Graveling, I will never ſtir till I have La Motte himſelf, or ſome principal officers of his, in hand. Therefore, if it pleaſe your Excellency to let old Tutty and Read, with Sir Wm. Stanley and Sir Wm. Ruſſell, with the 300 horſe, come hither, I doubt not to ſend you honourable and comfortable news of it, for I have good underſtanding thereof, by this ſhow I made, and I know what the enemy can do ſhall not ſerve if this may be done,—500 pioneers with munition and victual according,—muſt be done; and if God will, I will do you honour in it. It grieves me very much, the ſoldiers are ſo hardly dealt with in your firſt beginning of government, not only in their pays, but in taking booties from them, as by your Excellency's letters I find. When ſoldiers begin to deſpair and to give up towns, then it is late to buy that with hundred thouſands which might have been ſaved with a trifle."

The attempt upon Steenberg was not carried

out, owing, it is ſaid, to a ſudden thaw. A fortnight later Sidney writes again to the general:—"The enemy ſtirs on every ſide, and your ſide muſt not be idle; for if it be, it quickly loſeth reputation. I beſeech your Excellency not to be diſcouraged with the Queen's diſcontentments, for, the event being anything good, your glory will ſhine through theſe miſts: only, if it pleaſe you, to have daily counſel taken of your means, how to increaſe them, and how to huſband them; and when all is ſaid, if they can ſerve, you ſhall make a noble war; if not, the peace is in your hand, as I find well by Aldegonde, of whom I keep a good opinion and yet a ſuſpicious eye." In this and ſimilar paſſages he betrays unconſciouſly his own fitneſs for a higher command. He prays earneſtly in the ſame letter that the young Count Maurice of Naſſau may be ſent to Fluſhing, with ample authority for the redreſs of peculation and other abuſes.—"I am ſure he would hear advice, and I am perſuaded together we ſhould do you ſervices of importance. For divers things come in my way, which becauſe they belong not indeed to my charge, I am fain to let paſs. . . . There is with your Excellency Colonel Piron, one that hath ſerved as well as any man in theſe parts; indeed, a moſt valiant man, and of better judgment than utterance. He and

I have enterpriſes to be done upon Flanders ſide of good importance: I beſeech your Excellency to diſpatch him away; it ſhall, I hope, turn to your ſervice. . . . I am in great hope to light upon ſome good occaſions to do you honour and ſervice. The enterpriſes are ſtill hopeful, but not yet full ripe, which till they be, it were able to mar all if I ſhould be far abſent. . . I will haſten, as ſoon as I can poſſibly, to your Excellency, when I have but a little ſettled the matters of theſe parts, eſpecially of my regiment, over whom ſince it hath pleaſed your Excellency to appoint me, and that they are moſt joyful of it, if ever I may deſerve anything of you, I humbly beſeech you that they may find themſelves ſo much the more tendered."

Leiceſter had given to him the colonelcy of the Zealand regiment of horſe; an appointment which, popular as it was among the ſoldiers, did not paſs without remonſtrance. Some of the veteran Dutch officers complained at being overlooked in favour of a young foreigner, who, whatever his merits, had not yet earned promotion by ſervice in the field. With leſs juſtice, a petition againſt the nomination of foreigners was inſtigated by Count Hohenlohe, or Hollock, as his name was written by the Engliſh, a German nobleman. Sidney gave the following account of this to Daviſon, who had returned to England:—

"Upon my having the Zealand regiment, which you know was more your perſuaſion than any deſire in me, the Count Hollock cauſed a many-handed ſupplication to be made, that no ſtranger might have any regiment, but preſently after, with all the ſame hands, proteſted they meant it not by me, to whom they wiſhed all honour, &c. The Count Maurice ſhowed himſelf conſtantly kind to me therein, but Mr. Paul Buys* hath too many Buſſes in his head, ſuch as you ſhall find he will be to God and man about one pitch: happy is the conjunction with them that join in the fear of God. Medekirk far ſhines above him in all matters of counſel and faithful dealing. I pray you write to me, and love me and farewell. At Fluſhing, where I thank God all is well, and my garriſon in good order. This 24th of Feb. 1586."

Hohenlohe had ſerved for ſeveral years as lieutenant-general to the Princes of Orange, with whom he was remotely connected by marriage. He was a reckleſs cavalier, capable of romantic courage and generoſity, but profligate, violent, and a drunkard. In all things intemperate, he

* Paul Buys was one of the moſt able of the Dutch ſtateſmen; but of bad private character, and recently oppoſed to Leiceſter.

was a dangerous ally; apt to be more hurtful than profitable to the cauſe which he ſerved, as in the ſiege of Antwerp, where, after nearly reſcuing the city by his valour, his folly precipitated the ſurrender. Such being his character, there was good reaſon for omitting to give him the Zealand regiment, which he deſired for himſelf; but the Queen took his part againſt Sidney, whoſe outſpoken complaints of the neglect of the ſoldiers had put him quite out of her favour. Thereupon Hohenlohe regarded Leiceſter as his enemy, and a ſerious quarrel was likely to have enſued. Their reconciliation was due to Sidney, whoſe genius and winning manners made the deepeſt impreſſion on the fiery German, and ſeem to have exerciſed a kind of faſcination over him. Notwithſtanding this and other cauſes of variance, his regard for Sidney continued, and was afterwards ſignally proved.

As Fluſhing lay on the utmoſt verge of the ſeat of war, Sidney paſſed much of his time at Bergen-op-Zoom, on the mainland. He propoſed to ſend for his wife thither, but was diſſatisfied at the conduct of the war, and meditated ſome independent plan in which, whatever it may have been, Lady Sidney could not have accompanied him. He wrote thus to his father-in-law from Utrecht,

having apparently gone to viſit Leiceſter, as he propoſed in a previous letter:—

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,

"I RECEIVE divers letters from you, full of the diſcomfort which I ſee, and am ſorry to ſee, that you daily meet with at home: and I think, ſuch is the good will it pleaſeth you to bear me, that my part of the trouble is ſomething that troubles you; but I beſeech you let it not. I had before caſt my count of danger, want, and diſgrace: and, before God, Sir, it is true in my heart, the love of the cauſe doth ſo far overbalance them all, that, with God's grace, they ſhall never make me weary of my reſolution. If her Majeſty were the fountain, I would fear, conſidering what we daily find, that we ſhould wax dry; but ſhe is but a means whom God uſeth, and I know not whether I am deceived, but I am faithfully perſuaded, that if ſhe ſhould withdraw herſelf, other ſprings would riſe to help this action; for methinks I ſee the great work indeed in hand againſt the abuſers of the world, wherein it is no greater fault to have confidence in man's power, than it is too haſtily to deſpair of God's work. I think a wiſe and conſtant man ought never to grieve while he doth play, as a man may ſay, his own part truly, tho'

others be out; but if himſelf leave his hold becauſe other mariners will be idle, he will hardly forgive himſelf his own fault. For me, I cannot promiſe of my own courſe, ... becauſe I know that there is a higher power that muſt uphold me, or elſe I ſhall fall; but certainly I truſt I ſhall not by other men's wants be drawn from myſelf; therefore, good Sir, to whom for my particular I am more bound than to all men beſides, be not troubled with my troubles, for I have ſeen the worſt, in my judgment, beforehand, and worſe than that cannot be.

"If the Queen pay not her ſoldiers ſhe muſt loſe her garriſons; there is no doubt thereof; but no man living ſhall ſay the fault is in me. What relief I can do them, I will. I will ſpare no danger, if occaſion ſerves. I am ſure no creature ſhall be able to lay injuſtice to my charge, and for farther doubts, truly I ſtand not upon them. I have written by Adams to the Council plainly, and therefore let them determine.* It hath been a coſtly beginning unto me this war, becauſe I had

* In ſubſequent letters Sidney complains bitterly to Walſingham of the want of ſupplies from home. He had previouſly diſcovered great inefficiency in the Ordnance Department, for which Burleigh was cenſured by the Queen. Bourne, Memoir, pp. 447, 500-502.

nothing proportioned unto it; my ſervants unexperienced, and myſelf every way unfurniſhed; but hereafter, if the war ſhall continue, I ſhall paſs much better through with it. For Bergen-op-Zoom, I delighted in it, I confeſs, becauſe it was near the enemy; but eſpecially having a very fair houſe in it, and an excellent air, I deſtined it for my wife; but, finding how you deal there, and that ill payment in my abſence thence might bring forth ſome miſchief, and conſidering how apt the Queen is to interpret everything to my diſadvantage, I have reſigned it to my Lord Willoughby, my very friend, and indeed a valiant and frank gentleman, and fit for that place: therefore, I pray, you know that ſo much of my regality is fallen. I underſtand I am called very ambitious and proud at home; but certainly if they knew my heart they would not altogether ſo judge me. I wrote to you a letter by Will, my Lord of Leiceſter's jeſting player, encloſed in a letter to my wife, and I never had anſwer thereof. It contained ſomething to my Lord of Leiceſter's, and counſel that ſome way might be taken to ſtay my Lady there. I ſince divers times have writ, to know whether you have received them, but you never anſwered me that point. I ſince find that the knave delivered the letters to my Lady of Leiceſter, but whether ſhe

ſent them you or no I know not, but earneſtly deſire to do, becauſe I doubt there is more interpreted thereof. . . . . We ſhall have a ſore war upon us this ſummer, wherein if appointment had been kept, and theſe diſgraces forborne, which have greatly weakened us, we had been victorious. I can ſay no more at this time, but pray for your long and happy life. At Utrecht, this 24th of March, 1586.

" Your humble ſon,

" PHILIP SIDNEY.

" I know not what to ſay to my wife's coming till you reſolve better; for if you run a ſtrange courſe, I may take ſuch a one here as will not be fit for any of the feminine gender.* I pray you make much of Nichol-Gery. I have been vilely deceived for armours for horſemen; if you could ſpeedily ſpare me any out of your armoury, I will ſend them you back as ſoon as my own be finiſhed. There was never ſo good a father found a more troubleſome ſon. Send Sir Wm. Pelham, good Sir, and let him have Clerk's place, for we need no clerks, and it is moſt neceſſary to have ſuch a one in the council."

* In a letter dated Utrecht, June 28, Sidney wrote to his father-in-law, " I am preſently going towards Fluſhing, where I hear that your daughter is very well and merry." Bourne, p. 490. Lady Sidney had therefore arrived in the interval.

It appears from this letter that there was ſome foundation for a rumour, which had ſtrongly excited Elizabeth's jealouſy, that Lady Leiceſter was about to join her huſband, and hold with him a ſort of Court at the Hague. Her anger had ſince been appeaſed by a humble and ſupplicatory letter from him; but it was well that the Counteſs's viſit did not take place. Another particular which is worth obſerving in this letter is the name of the bearer of Sidney's previous packet to his wife. "Will, my Lord of Leiceſter's jeſting player," was, in all probability, one of the company of actors to which William Shakeſpeare belonged; for they were licenſed under the title of the Earl of Leiceſter's ſervants. Nothing is known of this period of Shakeſpeare's life to make it unlikely that he ſhould have been in Holland with Sidney. Such an incident would have brought the poet in ſight of the cliff at Dover, which he has deſcribed ſo vividly, and might alſo have given riſe to the friendſhip which he had afterwards with Sidney's nephew Lord Herbert. But there were two other players of the ſame name Will in the company; Johnſon and Kemp. The latter, who was famous as a jeſter, fits the deſcription beſt. In any caſe, the term "knave," applied to a young man of humble rank, would convey no reproach. The reciprocal entertainments of Leiceſter and the Dutch

at the Hague, Amſterdam, and Utrecht, permit the conjecture that the Earl's company attended him, and performed in maſques and pantomimes.

The allied army, which had been idle too long, now commenced active hoſtilities. Leiceſter ſent a force to the relief of Grave under John Norris, the ableſt, according to Parma, of the Engliſh captains, and Count Hohenlohe. The expedition was completely ſucceſsful. A Spaniſh detachment, which was ſent to intercept the relieving army, was defeated after a ſharp engagement, and 500 men, with proviſions for a year, were thrown into the city. The Engliſh troops had at firſt wavered, and many of them fled, but their final victory made more than amends. Leiceſter was thereupon extravagantly elated. The time which ſhould have been uſed in improving his advantage was waſted in rejoicings. St. George's day was kept at Utrecht, with a ſeries of feaſts and pageants, of which the general was fonder than the Queen herſelf. In the meantime Parma preſſed the ſiege of Grave. Hemart, the governor, overcome by the entreaties of the women, capitulated after a ſhort reſiſtance. Leiceſter was enraged at this reſult of his own ſupineneſs, and putting the harſheſt conſtruction on the young officer's miſconduct, beheaded him with two of his lieutenants.

Sidney was now returned to Flushing, having passed some time with the camp at Nimeguen. He was busily engaged in concerting with Maurice of Nassau one of the projects which he had meditated before. Although Maurice was only nineteen years of age, he already gave indications, to Sidney's discerning eye, of that rare military genius which afterwards made him the most perfect general of his time. They proposed to attempt the surprise of Axel, a city in Flanders, nearly opposite Flushing. It was a strongly fortified place, commanding the dykes which protected a wide range of country to the south, below the level of the sea. Maurice wrote in June to the general explaining the scheme, which he desired to be kept secret from every one but Sidney. He appears to have received overtures from some of the citizens, and to have proceeded very cautiously, for fear of falling into a trap laid for him by the Spaniards. On the night of the 6th of July, 500 of the Zealand regiment under Sidney rowed across the Scheld, accompanied by 500 English from Bergen-op-Zoom under Lord Willoughby. On the opposite shore they were joined by Maurice and Colonel Piron, the same whose services had been specially desired by Sidney for assistance in an enterprise upon the Flanders side

five months before. Maurice, as governor of Holland and Zealand, bore the chief command in the combined force; but the actual direction was entruſted to Sidney. He is deſcribed in Stow's Chronicle as addreſſing his men at the diſtance of a mile from the town, in an oration which reſts on the authority of one who ſerved in the war, though it has an apparent colour of hiſtorical fiction. Something he may have ſaid, which is amplified to this effect: The cauſe they had was God's cauſe, under and for whom they fought for her Majeſty, whoſe goodneſs to them he did not need to ſhow. They were fighting againſt men of falſe religion, enemies to God and His Church, againſt Antichriſt, and againſt a people whoſe unkindneſs, both in nature and in life, was ſo extreme that God would not leave them unpuniſhed. As Engliſhmen, whoſe valour the world feared and commended, they ſhould not fear death nor any peril whatever, both for the ſervice which they owed to their Sovereign, and for their country's honour and their own. He promiſed that no man ſhould do any ſervice worth the noting, but he himſelf would ſpeak to the uttermoſt to prefer him to his wiſhed purpoſe. "Which oration of his," ſays the Chronicle, "did ſo link the mind of the people, that they

choſe rather to die in that ſervice, than to live in the contrary."* They arrived at Axel at two in the morning, marching with great order and ſilence. The moat was deep; but ſeveral ſoldiers plunged into the water with ladders, and having ſcaled the wall, opened the gates to their comrades. The garriſon, though completely taken by ſurpriſe, were arouſed before half the invaders could enter, and reſiſted deſperately. Moſt of them were ſlain, and the reſt put to flight. Axel was captured, with five of the enemy's enſigns and a rich booty, without the loſs of a ſingle life to the allies. Sidney poſted a band of picked men in the market-place for a rallying-point in caſe of a freſh attack; while parties marched up and down taking precautions to ſecure the city. He liberally rewarded, out of his own purſe, the ſoldiers who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves, and returned, leaving Colonel Piron and 800 men as a garriſon. Four neighbouring forts were obliged to ſurrender; and Maurice proceeded to cut the dykes, by which, at the next change of wind, a wide extent of the moſt fertile land in Flanders, the Pays de Waes, was laid under water. Mondragon, a Spaniſh

* Archer, Continuation of Stow, p. 733.

officer of eminent hardihood and ſkill, was in the neighbourhood, but unable to prevent this cataſtrophe. The military ſucceſs of the expedition was complete, and was generally aſcribed to Sidney's conduct. Languet had once told him that he feared his diſpoſition would prove too gentle for a commander, and that he would not be ſevere enough in diſcipline. Neceſſity had, however, braced his energies. His firmneſs could not have been teſted more thoroughly than in this night-attack, which was executed on unknown ground, with forces of different nations, and for the moſt part unpractiſed in war.*

While the reſt of the army, lately diſheartened at the loſs of Grave, were rejoicing idly at the capture of Axel, another adventure of a ſimilar kind offered itſelf to Sidney. It has been already ſeen from his correſpondence that information had reached him of the willingneſs of a party in Gravelines to give up the town. He now heard that La Motte, the governor, would ſurrender if he appeared in ſufficient force. From his knowledge of La Motte he ſuſpected a ſtratagem. But the ſoldiers, flushed with ſucceſs, were impatient to add to their laurels, and preſſed him urgently to let them go, his lieutenant, Sir William Brown, being one of the moſt importunate.

Sidney yielded ſo far as to land within a ſhort diſtance of Gravelines, and permitted a party which had volunteered to attempt the town, under a promiſe that they ſhould ſurrender without a uſeleſs fight, if they found themſelves in an ambuſcade. The volunteers choſe their leader by throwing dice upon a drum-head, and the lot fell upon Sir William Brown. What Sidney had anticipated took place. Brown and his companions found themſelves entrapped by the Spaniards, who opened an irreſiſtible fire from ſurrounding windows and cellars. A few of the Engliſh eſcaped: others ſurrendered: a few were killed. But, by Sidney's caution, what might have been a ſerious diſaſter was averted.*

Summer was now far advanced, and the general-in-chief had done little but make preparations for taking the field. On the other ſide, Parma, with inferior numbers, had ſtruck many ſevere blows. Since his capture of Grave he had compelled the important town of Venlo to ſurrender, and ſubſequently ſtormed Nuys on the Rhine, which was ſacked and burned with horrible carnage. He was now laying ſiege to Rheinberg, and Leiceſter proceeded to its defence with his whole army.

* Brooke, 135-139.

Yet the Engliſh general ſtill heſitated to give battle to his redoubtable adverſary, and choſe rather to attack Zutphen, judging rightly that Parma would come to the ſuccour of that city, and raiſe the ſiege of Rheinberg. It was evident that for ſome time to come the chief ſcene of action would be in thoſe parts; Sidney, therefore, left Fluſhing to join his uncle. On his journey he paſſed through Gertruydenberg, where Hohenlohe's quarters were. He found the Count newly returned from a foray with a large party of Engliſh gentlemen, and among the reſt, Sir William Pelham, marſhal of the camp, an officer of great experience and valour, whoſe arrival had been anxiouſly expected by Sidney. They all ſupped together at Hohenlohe's, who, as his habit was, drank deeply. Sidney had brought with him Edward Norris, in ignorance of the ill-will which was borne to the family of Norris by ſeveral of the company, including the Count and Pelham. According to the prevalent faſhion, Pelham challenged Norris to drink with him a large goblet of wine; apparently with no friendly intention, but in order to make him drunk. The young man excuſed himſelf on the plea of ill health, but reluctantly complied ſo far as to drain one cup. Sir William then challenged him to another. Angry words followed, in which Hohen-

lohe joined with coarſe ridicule. Norris, who bore the general character of being hot-tempered and arrogant, behaved on this occaſion with much ſelf-control. He profeſſed his reſpect for the years and military diſtinction of Pelham, who began to relent towards him, with the variable humour of a man half intoxicated. Sidney ſeized the opportunity to make peace; and the quarrel was blowing over, when Hohenlohe ſilently flung the gilt cover of a vaſe at Norris, and cut his forehead open. Norris fell back, and the Count ſtepped forward with his dagger drawn to kill him; but Sidney threw his arms round Hohenlohe, and, with the help of ſome others of the company, dragged him out of the room.

This brutal ſcene, of which the particulars have lately been publiſhed by Mr. Motley, from a MS. in the State Paper Office, illuſtrates vividly but painfully the manners of the time among thoſe with whom Sidney's life was paſſed. Such exceſſes may have been rare, but it is evident that the tone of ſociety did not give any ſecurity againſt them. The gueſts at this ſupper were no vulgar brawlers, but ſome of the moſt illuſtrious noblemen and gentlemen of both countries. It is not wonderful that when outrages ſo violent were poſſible among counts and earls, the beſt men ſhould inſiſt

ſuperſtitiouſly on military honour, and magnify the laws of chivalry. But it would be a great error to judge of thoſe rough warriors merely by the particulars in which their behaviour is unfit to compare with that of our own day. Manners, though they are the moſt obvious characteriſtics of a nation or an individual, are alſo the moſt ſuperficial. They are the laſt points to be affected by true civilization, the progreſs of which is from the heart outwards to the demeanour and language, and the eaſe with which they are imitated makes them very fallacious as a ſign of real worth. Viewed apart from the prejudice which their coarſeneſs of behaviour and ſpeech excites, the gentlemen of Elizabeth's day were, as a claſs, worthy rivals of the beſt which ſubſequent generations have ſeen; whether we regard their Chriſtian faith, their public ſpirit, their intellectual vigour and culture, or their frankneſs and courteſy of heart. Of the vice of intemperance it is aſſerted by an old writer * that it firſt became general in England through theſe wars, being learned from the Dutch and Germans in the moiſt climate of the Netherlands. It is probably with reaſon that Sidney's friends claim for him a large ſhare in

* Camden; quoted by Zouch, p. 242.

leading the fashion, both of the Court and of the camp, to purer and nobler pleasures. The next reign exhibited a strange rivalry between literature and philosophy, in their brightest splendour, on the one hand; and, on the other, the infamy of drunkenness among the highest Court ladies.

Edward Norris escaped from Gertruydenberg, where his life was hardly safe among the soldiers of Hohenlohe, and sent him a challenge to mortal combat soon afterwards. The message was borne by Sidney, who exposed himself to some peril in standing forth almost alone as Norris's friend. But the duel never took place, being postponed by the rapid succession of events. On August 28th, Leicester held a review of his army, which amounted to 5,000 English and Irish infantry and 1,400 cavalry, besides about 2,000 Dutch and German troops. Two days later he invested Doesburg, a place of moderate strength, which lay upon the road to Zutphen. The English leaders were all present. Sir William Pelham directed the siege operations, and received a wound, which, for a few days, was thought dangerous. Sir John Norris, who had been recently knighted for his conduct in the relief of Grave, commanded the infantry. The highspirited young Earl of Essex, though a boy in years, was in command of the

cavalry. He now ſerved in the ſiege as a volunteer. Sir Thomas Cecil, the governor of Brill, had left his ſecure poſt, like Sidney, to ſhare in the dangers and glory of the field. Sidney's brother Robert was alſo preſent, as he had been wherever he could meet the enemy. His conduct was worthy of his kindred, and earned him the ſpurs of knighthood ſhortly afterwards. The allies opened fire with nine or ten pieces of ordnance, and ſoon had made two breaches, practicable for aſſault. Hohenlohe led one party, Sir John Norris the other; and they were both on the point of advancing to the attack when Doeſburg ſurrendered. The garriſon ſtipulated only for their own lives, and left the city at Leiceſter's diſpoſal. Orders were given that the property of the citizens ſhould be reſpected, and that no one ſhould be ſubject to ill uſage; yet Eſſex and other chief officers were compelled to interfere with blows to ſtop the ſoldiers from ſacking the town. The troops of England in the Netherlands had long before this time acquired a ſhameful notoriety for plunder and inſubordination.*

From Doeſburg to Zutphen is about a day's march. Leiceſter advanced without loſs of time,

* Languet's Letters. Pears, p. 176.

and took up poſitions for the ſiege of the latter place, the capital of the ancient county of Zutphen. It was a well-built and ſtrongly-fortified city, on the right bank of the Yſſel, which there flows northward, in a broad ſtream, through a plain of ſeemingly boundleſs extent. The allied army began to entrench themſelves on both ſides of the river. On the right ſide, a hill in a commanding ſituation was occupied by Sir John Norris, with whom were Count Lewis William of Naſſau and Sidney. The general himſelf croſſed over by a bridge of boats which he had conſtructed, and prepared to attack ſome ſtrong ſconces or outworks, on the left bank, which formed a material defence of the city. While the allied army was engaged in throwing up entrenchments, the Prince of Parma, having raiſed the ſiege of Rheinberg, came in haſte to reconnoitre their poſition. By paſſing cloſe under a fort which Leiceſter had abandoned immediately before, he ſucceeded in entering Zutphen. His firſt thought was to remain and defend the city himſelf, for he ſaw that the allied poſitions were very ſtrong. Yielding, it is ſaid,* to the confidence expreſſed by his lieutenant Verdugo, he left him in command; but took meaſures to re-

* Strada.

lieve Zutphen at once by ſending a large convoy of wheat and other ſupplies. Proviſions were collected with the utmoſt rapidity and ſecreſy. Only one road, however, was practicable for conveying them, and that lay not far to the eaſt of Sir John Norris's camp. Parma was not able to conceal his vaſt preparations altogether; and Leiceſter received intelligence of the time when the ſupplies were to be expected. He gave orders accordingly to Sir William Stanley, with 300 pikemen, and Sir John Norris, with 200 horſe, to intercept the convoy on its road.

On the morning of the 22nd of September they ſtarted before daybreak for the little village of Warnsfeld, about a mile from the city. The expedition was joined by about fifty volunteers, the flower of the Engliſh army, who galloped, unawares to the general, to take part in the expected ſkirmiſh. Among theſe were Eſſex, Audley, Willoughby, Pelham, Ruſſell, and the two Sidneys, with their eſquires. When the horſemen, who had preſſed forward in advance, arrived at the village, there was ſo thick a fog that a man could not be ſeen ten paces off. They had no ſcouts, and were quite ignorant of the enemy's ſtrength. Preſently they heard the ſound of the waggons approaching; and on a ſudden the fog cleared away,

and ſhowed them a Spaniſh army lining both ſides of the road, and intrenched in the churchyard of Warnsfeld. The enemy was about 3000 ſtrong, according to the report which Parma gave afterwards to the king of Spain. They were a mixed force of Spaniards, Italians, and Albanians, under the command of the Marquis of Guaſto, who was in front, ſupported by many diſtinguiſhed noblemen and captains, at the head of a ſquadron of mounted arquebuſiers. It was evident that the Engliſh had fallen themſelves into an ambuſcade in the act of laying one. Retreat was ſtill poſſible; but they did not heſitate to attack the overwhelming numbers oppoſed them. Eſſex cried, "For the honour of England, my fellows, follow me," and rode forward at a gallop. Sidney and the others accompanied him, and charged with lance in reſt. Then, throwing aſide their lances, they took to their curtle-axes, and plied them ſo furiouſly that the enemy's horſe fell back, and rallied behind the line of pikemen. The brave Lord Willoughby, whoſe "ſtout behaviour," and "courage fierce and fell," is the theme of a ſtirring old Engliſh ballad, overthrew the leader of the Albanian cavalry, and daſhing on, without pauſing to accept his ſurrender, found himſelf alone in the midſt of the enemy. Some of them

caught hold of his trappings, and tore them off in the effort to take him priſoner; in which they would have ſucceeded, had not Sidney and others come to the reſcue. Many more ſuch inſtances of reckleſs valour are related. Sir William Perrott, a reputed grandſon of King Henry VIII, killed in ſingle combat Count Hannibal Gonzaga, the commander of the Italians. Lord North, who had been invalided with a wound in the leg, roſe from his bed to join the battle, with only one boot on. The fight reſembled in character the brilliant and diſaſtrous ſkirmiſh of Balaklava in our own day. It was a magnificent diſplay of courage, which had been long pent up in forced inaction, and was now exhibited in a manner contrary to the ſcience of war. Again and again the Engliſh cavalry broke through their adverſaries' line, only to find beyond them an army drawn up in poſition, and to receive volleys of muſketry, and even of cannon; for the battle extended within range of the guns of Zutphen.

Sidney had been warned by Languet, in caſe he ſhould go into the Netherlands, to beware of this very reckleſſneſs. "Do not," ſaid his friend, in a letter written eight years before, "give the glorious name of courage to a fault which only ſeems to have ſomething in common with it. It

is the folly of our age, that moſt men of high birth think it more honourable to do the work of a ſoldier than of a leader, and would rather earn a name for boldneſs than for judgment. Hence in our countries we can ſcarcely find a veteran commander, and this is owing ſimply to our raſhneſs." Languet's cenſure was applicable to the conduct of the whole body of Engliſh knights on this day, but peculiarly to that of Sidney himſelf. He had come to the fight without leave, and holding no command, his ſquadron of horſe having been ſent to guard the city of Deventer. On his way to the field he had met Sir William Pelham, recovered from his wound, and finding him, as it happened, without leg armour, had caſt aſide his own cuiſſes in a fit of romantic emulation. Thus unprotected, he charged with Eſſex, Willoughby, and the reſt; and his behaviour, conſpicuous even among ſo many heroes, excited the admiration both of friends and foes. At the ſecond charge his horſe was ſhot under him; but he immediately mounted another, and was again in the thickeſt of the battle. In the next encounter he charged right through the enemy's ranks, and came upon their entrenchments. At that moment a muſket-ball hit him on the thigh, a little above the knee, where he ſhould have been defended by the cuiſſes which

he had taken off. The ball ſhattered the bone, inflicting a hideous wound, and penetrated upwards into his leg. Yet Sidney endeavoured to charge once more. His horſe, however, was reſtive, and unaccuſtomed to his rider, who was unable now to manage him. Unwillingly, he returned to the camp, a mile and a-half diſtant, ſuffering intenſe pain, but refuſing the aid of the ſquire who offered to lead his horſe.

It was on his way that the incident occurred which more than any other is aſſociated with his name. We may beſt repeat the often-quoted words in which Lord Brooke has deſcribed his friend's gentle charity:—"Paſſing along the reſt of the army where his uncle the general was, and being thirſty with exceſs of bleeding, he called for drink, which was preſently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he ſaw a foot-ſoldier carried along, who had eaten his laſt at the ſame feaſt, ghaſtly caſting up his eyes at the bottle; which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with theſe words, *Thy neceſſity is yet greater than mine.*" The ſoldier having drunk, Sidney pledged him in the remainder of the draught.*

* Brooke, 146.

He was met by his uncle, who had croſſed the river to obſerve the engagement, with a large force. "O Philip!" cried Leiceſter, "I am ſorry to ſee thy hurt." "O my lord!" he anſwered, "this have I done to do you honour, and her Majeſty ſome ſervice." Then Sir William Ruſſell came up bloody from the fight, where he had been wielding his curtle-axe to the wonder and terror of the enemy. At the ſight of Sidney's condition he wept like a child, exclaiming, "O noble Sir Philip! there was never man attained hurt more honourably than you have done, nor any ſerved like unto you." Sidney ſaid with reſignation, "God directed the bullet;" and he bade the ſurgeons probe his wound without delay, and thoroughly, while he had ſtill ſtrength to bear the pain. They were unable to extract the bullet, but they ſet the bone; and he was ſent in a precarious ſtate to Arnheim, where Leiceſter had lately reſided. The Earl wrote to England on the following day, "How God will diſpoſe of him, I know not, but fear I muſt needs greatly the worſt; the blow in ſo dangerous a place and ſo great; yet did I never hear of any man that did abide the dreſſing and ſetting his bones better than he did, and he was carried afterwards in my barge to Arnheim, and I hear this day he is ſtill

of good heart, and comforteth all about him as much as may be. God of His mercy grant him his life, which I cannot but doubt of greatly. I was abroad at that time in the field, giving ſome order to ſupply that buſineſs, which did endure almoſt two hours in continual fight, and meeting Philip coming upon his horſe-back, not a little to my grief. But I would you had ſtood by to hear his moſt loyal ſpeeches to her Majeſty; his conſtant mind to the cauſe, his loving care over me, and his moſt reſolute determination for death, not a jot appalled for his blow, which is the moſt grievous that ever I ſaw with ſuch a bullet; riding ſo long, a mile and a-half, upon his horſe, ere he came to the camp; not ceaſing to ſpeak ſtill of her Majeſty; being glad if his hurt and death might any way honour her: for hers he was whilſt he lived, and God's he was ſure to be if he died; praying all men to think that the cauſe was as well her Majeſty's as the country's; and not to be diſcouraged, 'for you have ſeen ſuch ſucceſs as may encourage us all; and this my hurt is the ordinance of God by the hap of the war.'"

Sidney's fatal wound has made the battle of Zutphen more celebrated than it would otherwiſe have been. It was an indeciſive engagement of

leſs than two hours, in which, while much glory was won by the Engliſh, the real advantage remained with the enemy. Leiceſter heſitated to give orders for a general advance of his army; and the detachment, unſupported, was unable to hinder Parma's ſupplies and reinforcements from entering the city. The Spaniſh muſketeers made their way on gradually, leading the waggon horſes as they fought; and thus, as their own hiſtorian deſcribes,* like a boat rowing hard into port againſt the wind, with fluctuating progreſs they accompliſhed their purpoſe. Yet the battle was long remembered as one of extraordinary fierceneſs. Its effect was greatly to abate the dread in which the Spaniards were held. A ſplendid proof had been given that they were not invincible. Three ſucceſſive times the Engliſh knights had charged and broken a body which is eſtimated at fivefold their own number. Several of the chief captains on the Spaniſh ſide had fallen, and the Marquis of Guaſto narrowly eſcaped with his life. Nor was the battle without other ſpecial circumſtances of intereſt. George Creſcia, the Albanian chief, who had been unhorſed by Lord Willoughby, yielded himſelf his priſoner volun-

* Strada.

tarily; after refuſing to ſurrender to any other. Sir John Norris, who had quarrelled with Sir William Stanley, cried, "Let us be friends together this day, and die ſide by ſide, if need be, in her Majeſty's cauſe;" and Stanley anſwered, "Living or dying, I will ſtand or lie by you in friendſhip."

CHAPTER VII.

SIDNEY'S DEATH.

"What hath he loſt, that ſuch great grace hath won?
Young years for endleſs years, and hope unſure
Of fortune's gifts, for wealth that ſtill ſhall dure.
O happy race, with ſo great praiſes run!"

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

IN extreme danger, but in good heart, Sidney was conveyed in Leiceſter's barge to Arnheim, paſt burnt villages, ruined abbeys, and devaſtated plains. The ſituation of the city was healthy and pleaſant, on the banks of the Rhine, in what is called the Paradiſe of Holland, though now, through the ravages of war, wearing another aſpect. There he was joined by his wife, who had croſſed over to the Netherlands, not long after his letter to Walſingham of March 24. She nurſed him anxiouſly, with aſſiduous watchfulneſs, which

indeed his wound required. Her comfort was the more neceſſary, as his illneſs was aggravated by grief of mind. He was mourning for the recent loſs of both his parents. Sir Henry Sidney had died at Ludlow in the previous May, bearing with him to the grave the reſpect of all who knew him. Three months later his widow breathed her laſt, dying in the ſame gentle and Chriſtian ſpirit in which ſhe had lived. "During the whole courſe of her ſickneſs, and eſpecially a little before it pleaſed God to call her to His mercy, ſhe uſed ſuch godly ſpeeches, earneſt and effectual perſuaſives to all about her . . . . as inwardly pierced the hearts of many that heard her. Though they before knew her to exceed moſt of her ſex in ſingular virtue and quality, good ſpeech, apt and ready conception, excellency of wit, and notable delivery, yet her diſcourſe then amazed and aſtoniſhed the hearers."* The news of her death was probably ſtill freſh to her ſon. None of his letters relating to this time have been preſerved; but the depth of his ſorrow may be eſtimated by the trueſt meaſure, his devoted love to his parents when living. He had been a dutiful ſon; and there is no feature in his character

* Molyneux, in Holinſhed.

more clearly marked than tender family affection.

Whatever conſolation he could have from the fondneſs of his wife, or from the ſympathy of friends, was abundantly forthcoming. If condolence and kindneſs, together with the beſt medical ſkill of the time, could have ſaved his life, he would have done well. As ſoon as the particulars of the battle of Zutphen were known in England, Sidney's health became a matter of public anxiety. The Queen diſmiſſed at once the prejudice which ſhe had lately entertained againſt him, and aſſured him of her friendſhip with her own hand. She wrote a letter to cheer him, inquiring how he was, and deſiring that daily reports ſhould be ſent to her. Count Hohenlohe, lying ſeverely wounded in the face, ſent to him a famous phyſician, who was in attendance on himſelf, with generoſity reſembling Sidney's own. The opinion of this doctor, Adrian van der Spiegel, was unfavourable to Sidney's recovery. He ſoon became delirious, and for ſeveral days he lay between life and death. Then ſome ſigns of amendment appeared. Leiceſter, who left the camp to viſit him at the firſt opportunity, wrote home on September 27,* "The ſurgeons have very good hope

* MS. State Paper Office; Holland Correſpondence, vol. xxxv.

of him;" and again, ten days after the battle, "All the worſt days be paſt, as both ſurgeons and phyſicians have informed me, and he amends as well as is poſſible in this time, and himſelf finds it, for he ſleeps and reſts well, and hath a good ſtomach to eat, without fear or any diſtemper at all. I thank God for it." But his deſcription ſeems to have been coloured by his own ſanguine temper, which was apt to imagine things as he deſired them to be. Leiceſter's veracity can never be depended on, where his wiſhes or intereſts are concerned. The caſe warranted no ſuch hopes as thoſe with which he buoyed up his own ſpirits, and thoſe of the Engliſh nation. With the ſtrongeſt conſtitution, Sidney's recovery would have been doubtful; and unhappily he was far leſs robuſt than might have been expected from his well-proportioned and athletic frame.

He never doubted for himſelf that he was on his death-bed; and he looked death ſteadily in the face. The Calviniſt divines, who came to inſtruct him, found him better qualified to teach than to learn of them. Calling to his bedſide the miniſters of both nations who viſited him, he profeſſed before them his Chriſtian faith, and invited them to pray in company with him, and ſuffer him to lead them. "For," he ſaid, "the

ſecret ſins of his heart were beſt known to himſelf, and he therefore more properly inſtructed how to apply to himſelf the ſacrifice of our Saviour's paſſion and merits."* He proceeded to pray aloud, and they followed him, choked with ſighs and tears. After a time he deſiſted ſuddenly, and began immediately to conſult them as to the teſtimony of the heathen concerning the immortality of the ſoul, and the confirmation which it received from the Old and New Teſtaments. One of his former ſayings was, "He cannot be good, who knows not why he is good;" and, conſiſtently with this opinion, he had given much time to the ſtudy of Chriſtian evidences. He had commenced a tranſlation of the great treatiſe, "On the Trueneſs of the Chriſtian Religion," of his friend Mornay, "the Pope of the Huguenots," as he was called.† In this book we may expect to find the principles of Sidney's religion, eſpecially conſidering the author's cloſe alliance and friendſhip with Languet. Judging thus, Sidney's faith appears to have been of that enlightened kind

* Brooke, p. 152.

† This work was completed at his requeſt by A. Golding, after his death. Another unfiniſhed work of Sidney's was a tranſlation of Du Bartas' once celebrated poem on the Creation. Collier, Life of Spenſer.

which holds Chriſtianity as the ſupreme Philoſophy, no leſs than the ſupreme Religion. The book is free from the morbid prominence of ſingle doctrines which is the common reſult of controverſy. Mornay ſtates clearly and impreſſively the cardinal points of the Goſpel: the unity of God; the myſtery of the Trinity; the immortality of the ſoul; the corruption of human nature; that God himſelf is the "ſovereign welfare of man;" the call of Iſrael; the truth of Scripture; and the mediation of Chriſt. The handling of the treatiſe differs from that of ſimilar modern works. It is written to confirm believers rather than to convince ſceptics, and therefore lays more ſtreſs upon doctrines than upon arguments. The arguments, too, are partly abſtract reaſonings from the aſſumed nature of things, and partly appeals to the authority of ancient philoſophers, whoſe writings, together with thoſe of the early doctors of the Church, are cited with copious learning in ſupport of revelation. The opinions which prevailed at that time, concerning the beſt of the heathens, were ſomewhat contradictory. While their religion was ſet at nought as deviliſh, their philoſophical ſpeculations were eſteemed as hardly leſs than infallible. Sidney held the wiſdom of Plato in eſpecial veneration; and during his illneſs he

delighted much in converſing with his friends upon thoſe intimations of eternity which pervade his dialogues. It ſeems worth while to dwell upon theſe records of the inward ſprings of Sidney's life. Nor does there appear to be any ſufficient cauſe for refraining from the contemplation. No nobler object is preſented by this world than a dying Chriſtian's mind; in which, more than in hiſtory or in poetry, we may trace the elements of that unattained ideal which we call a man's better ſelf: while time mellows whatever reminiſcences are inharmonious, and wins belief for more lovelineſs and ſublimity in human character than even the moſt perfect lives exhibit conſiſtently.

Gifford, one of Leiceſter's Engliſh chaplains, has left a minute account of Sidney's laſt days, in which he writes:—"Although he had profeſſed the Goſpel, loved and favoured thoſe that did embrace it, entered deeply into the concerns of the Church, taken good order and very good care for his family and ſoldiers to be inſtructed, and to be brought to live accordingly, yet entering into deeper examination of his life now in the time of his affliction, he was moved to deep ſorrow." Sidney contraſted his own life with thoſe of good men in Scripture, who were ſuſtained under tribu-

lation by the remembrance of having glorified God. "It is not ſo in me," he ſaid, "my life has been vain, vain, vain." He was uneaſy in conſcience with regard to his Arcadia, and, after conſultation with the miniſters, expreſſed his deſire that it ſhould be burned.* He complained ſeveral times "that his mind was dull in prayer, and that his thoughts did not aſcend up ſo quickly as he deſired. For having before in manful ſort entreated the Lord with fervent prayer, he thought he ſhould at all times feel that fervency, and was grieved when he found any thought interrupting the ſame." At another time, after lying ſilent, he broke forth ſuddenly into incoherent words, expreſſing "his ſenſe of the wretchedneſs of man, 'a poor worm,' of the mercies of God, and of his merciful providence; and this he did with vehement geſtures and great joy, even raviſhed with the conſideration of God's omnipotency, providence, and goodneſs, whoſe fatherly love in remembering to chaſten him he now felt, adding, how unſearchable the myſteries of God's Word are."† He thanked God for having allowed him

* Brooke, p. 19.

† Gifford's Narrative, printed by Zouch, Memoirs, pp. 267-277.

ſpace for repentance. At another time the proſpect of his poſſible recovery flaſhed through his mind, and he declared, "I have vowed my life to God."

He took an early opportunity to make his will. By the recent death of his father he had become poſſeſſed of a conſiderable fortune; but the debts which he had incurred for the ſake of the naked and hungry ſoldiers of Fluſhing, together with his own profuſe expenſe, had encumbered his eſtate far more than he ſuſpected. His will was worded in the pious ancient mode:—"I, Sir Philip Sidney, Kt., ſore wounded in body, but whole in mind, all praiſes be to God, do make this my laſt Will and Teſtament in manner and form following: Firſt, I bequeath my ſoul to Almighty God who gave it me, and my body to the duſt from whence it came." He proceeded to leave half his property to his "moſt dear and loving wife, Dame Frances Sidney," for her lifetime; and he alſo made her his ſole executrix. To his daughter he left 4,000 crowns, to be put to the beſt inveſtment in London or the Netherlands, but not "in any caſe to be let out to any uſury at all." He gave directions that his debts ſhould be paid; and bequeathed almoſt innumerable legacies to friends of every ſtation. The bulk of his property he left

to his brothers, Robert and Thomas,* reſerving the life intereſt in half, which he had given to his wife.

Having diſcharged this duty, he indulged his fancy by turning his misfortune to a theme of poetry, and wrote a ſong upon his wounded thigh, of which only the title is preſerved, *La Cuiſſe Rompue.* This ſong he cauſed to be ſet to muſic, and ſung to him. Through pain and ſorrow his mind preſerved the ſame brilliant vivacity which had made him formerly the jewel of the Court; and his perfect ingenuouſneſs led him to manifeſt each varying phaſe of his ſoul without a ſhadow of that fear of the world's criticiſm which beſets common minds.

He ſuffered much, and bore his ſufferings with ſerene patience. From conſtant lying his ſhoulder-blades wore through his delicate ſkin. Meanwhile he became weaker and weaker. His wife, almoſt exhauſted with anxious watching, looked vainly for any hopeful ſymptom. One day his fine ſenſe perceived that mortification had ſet in, before his attendants were aware of the change. He bluſhed at the offence which his condition might give to them, but calmly recognized the ſure preſage of death, and ſpoke of his approaching end with

* In page 10, Sidney's youngeſt brother is miſcalled William.

compoſure, ſaying "he feared not to die, but he was afraid leſt the pangs of death ſhould be ſo grievous that he might loſe his underſtanding."

On the evening of the 16th of October he was in great pain, and wrote to Wier, a phyſician of Cleves:—

"My Wier, come, come: my life is in danger, and I want you. I will not be ungrateful, living or dead. I cannot write more, but beſeech you to make haſte." *

The ſame night, as it drew towards morning, Gifford inquired of Sidney how he did. "I feel myſelf more weak," he anſwered. "I truſt," ſaid Gifford, "you are thoroughly prepared for death, if God ſhall call you." At this Sidney made a little pauſe, and then rejoined, "I have a doubt: pray reſolve me in it. I have not ſlept this night. I have very earneſtly and humbly beſought the Lord to give me ſome ſleep. He hath denied it: this cauſeth me to doubt that God doth not regard me, nor hear any of my prayers. This doth trouble me." The chaplain's explanation was, "that for matters touching ſalvation or pardon of

* The original, in Latin, written in a tremulous hand, is in the State Paper Office, accompanied by a letter from Wier's nephew, deſcribing Sidney's condition.

ſin through Chriſt, He gave an abſolute promiſe: but for things concerning this life, God hath promiſed them but with caution. What He hath abſolutely promiſed we may aſſuredly look to receive; craving in faith that which He hath thus promiſed." Sidney accepted the diſtinction:—"I am fully ſatisfied and reſolved with this anſwer: no doubt it is even ſo; then I will ſubmit myſelf to His will in theſe outward things." Preſently he ſpoke again: "I had this night a trouble in my mind; for, ſearching myſelf, methought I had not a full and ſure hold of Chriſt. After I had continued in this perplexity awhile, how ſtrangely God did deliver me! for it was a ſtrange deliverance which I had. There came to my remembrance a vanity in which I delighted, whereof I had not rid myſelf. I rid myſelf of it, and preſently my joy and comfort returned." A few hours after, putting out his hand to Gifford, and "ſlapping him gently on the cheek," he ſaid, "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world." Then he aſked to be ſpoken to out of the Scriptures, which was accordingly continued, for the ſpace of three or four hours. Once or twice the readers pauſed, ſuppoſing him to be aſleep; but he ſaid immediately, "I pray you ſpeak unto me ſtill."

Later in the day he roufed himfelf, to add a codicil to his will. This was chiefly for the purpofe of giving prefents and memorials to thofe who had attended upon him during his illnefs; his attached fecretary William Temple, the chaplains, phyficians, and others. Now, too, he parted with the laft poffeffions that bound him to human glory. He left his beft fword to the Earl of Effex, and his fecond to Lord Willoughby.

His friends came in to take their leave of him; laft of all his dear brother Robert. With the heavenly firmnefs of a dying Chriftian, Philip calmed his brother's paffionate grief, and gave to him his final injunctions,—"Love my memory; cherifh my friends; their faith to me may affure you they are honeft: but above all, govern your will and affections by the will and Word of your Creator, in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities." In thefe words he bade him farewell; but Robert clung to him weeping and fobbing, unable to control his forrow. At length Philip bade his friends to lead his brother away.*

He fpoke no more, and foon afterwards appeared to be infenfible. Temple and Gifford

* Brooke, p. 160. Gifford, in Zouch, p. 275.

were with him to the laſt. Gifford begged him to give a ſign, if he was ſtill conſcious:—"Sir, if you hear what I ſay, let us by ſome means know it; and if you have ſtill your inward joy and conſolation in God, hold up your hand." At theſe words the dying man lifted up his hand, which they thought he could ſcarcely have moved, and ſtretched it out high above his head. His friends cried aloud with joy. After this he raiſed both his hands, and ſet them together on his breaſt, holding them upwards in an attitude of prayer. In that poſture they remained until they grew cold and ſtiff.

He paſſed from this world on the 17th of October, according to the old ſtyle of the calendar, which was then uſed. In ſix more weeks he would have completed his thirty-ſecond year.

The news of Sir Philip Sidney's death was received in England as a national calamity. A public mourning was made for him, a thing unprecedented in the caſe of a private individual. "For many months," his firſt editor ſtates, "it was counted indecent for any gentleman of quality to appear, at Court or in the city, in light or gaudy apparel." Elizabeth was ſo deeply moved, that, in writing to Leiceſter, ſhe forgot a great part of her inſtructions, which ſhe was obliged to deſpatch afterwards

by a ſecond meſſenger. Walſingham was unable for a time to attend to public buſineſs. The excellent Lord Buckhurſt declared that no man had ever more tears at his death. Mornay wrote from France, "I bewail his loſs not for England only, but for all Chriſtendom. The Almighty has envied us the poſſeſſion of him, judging him perhaps worthy of a better world." Leiceſter, whoſe ſelfiſhneſs and many vices were ſoftened by his impulſive warmth of feeling, lamented his loſs as if he had been his own ſon. He was with Sir Philip on the day of his death, and he had no ſpirit for the war afterwards. For Sidney had not only been, as he ſaid, the "greateſt comfort" to him, but his ſervices had been invaluable as a counſellor and peacemaker. At firſt Leiceſter had undervalued his nephew's qualities, regarding him as an accompliſhed but ſomewhat forward young man. Nor is it likely that he ever appreciated him worthily. But he found reaſon to acknowledge that his own authority had been mainly upheld by Sidney, who did much to conciliate the Earl's many adverſaries. It was indeed believed that Sidney might have aſpired, if he had choſen, to his uncle's place of Governor-General, with the good-will of the United Provinces. They now contended with England for his obſequies.

Elizabeth was petitioned by the States of Zealand that they might have the honour of burying him at the expenſe of their government. They promiſed to erect him as fair a monument as any prince in Chriſtendom had. But the Queen refuſed, and determined to order his funeral at her own coſt. His corpſe was brought from Arnheim to Fluſhing, and there put on board a pinnace of his own, hung with black drapery and eſcutcheons. At the embarkation the whole garriſon marched down to the ſeaſide trailing their enſigns, and followed by the citizens in long proceſſion. The veſſel, ſaluted on its departure with a triple diſcharge of cannon and muſketry, proceeded with a calm voyage acroſs the German Ocean and up the Thames. At the Tower ſtairs the corpſe was landed, and lay in ſtate at the Minories for four months, while preparations were made on a grand ſcale for the funeral.

While Sidney's unburied corpſe was ſtill awaiting interment, an hiſtorical event occurred which has given riſe to a ſtrange tale in his honour. The throne of Poland fell vacant; and among the numerous candidates from different nations who aſpired to be elected, Sir Philip Sidney was afterwards ſaid to have been put in nomination. Tradition went ſo far as to give reaſons why he

was not elected, Sir Robert Naunton* imputing oppoſition to Elizabeth, who could not endure to ſee "her ſheep marked with a foreign mark:" while, on the other hand, the learned Fuller† deſcribes Sidney himſelf as "preferring rather to be a ſubject of Queen Elizabeth than a ſovereign beyond the ſeas." In fact, however, the death of Sidney preceded by more than a month that of King Stephen, which took place at Grodno, in December, 1586, after a proſperous reign of twelve years.‡ The ſtory, though often repeated ſince without queſtion, is only valuable as betraying the high conceptions which Sidney's countrymen formed of him, and poſſibly ſome vague diſcourſe of what he might have been if he had lived. The late king was not of royal birth, and had proved the beſt of all the Poliſh ſovereigns. In the previous interregnum Sidney had viſited Poland as a youth of twenty, and had ſince taken ſpecial intereſt in the politics of the kingdom. Theſe circumſtances, together with Sidney's rare accompliſhments, probably ſuggeſted this tale, which would be hard to believe, even if it were conſiſtent with dates.

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* Naunton's Regalia. † Fuller's Worthies.
‡ L'Art de vérifier les Dates.

His funeral took place in St. Paul's Cathedral, on the 16th of February, 1587, with much ſtate.* The proceſſion paſſed in a long line through the city from the Minories. It was led by thirty-two poor men, anſwering to the years of his age. Then came a group of friends, among whom Sir Francis Drake is named. No part of the melancholy ceremonial which is cuſtomary in attending a ſoldier to his grave was wanting on this occaſion. One page led the dead knight's horſe, another bore his broken lance. Five heralds carried ſeverally his gilt ſpurs of knighthood, his gauntlets, his helmet and creſt, his ſhield, and his coat-of-arms. The pall was borne by four young men, the deareſt among his friends; Fulke Greville, Edward Dyer, Edward Wotton, and Thomas Dudley. Robert Sidney followed as chief mourner. With him were Thomas Sidney, the Earls of Huntingdon, Pembroke, Leiceſter, and Eſſex, and Lords Willoughby and North. The Seven United Provinces ſent each their repreſentative. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London followed, with the Liverymen of the Grocers' Company, to which Sidney had belonged. A large body of muſketeers,

* A curious narrative of Sidney's death and funeral is printed at the end of this volume.

pikemen, and halberdiers, brought up the rear of the proceſſion.*

No monument is known to have been erected over his grave; but a wooden tablet, with a bombaſtic inſcription, imitated from a French epigram on another perſon, was attached to one of the pillars of the cathedral, and doubtleſs periſhed in the Great Fire. The preciſe ſpot which contains Sidney's duſt is uncertain. It was, however, under the Lady Chapel, at the back of the high altar of old St. Paul's.

To the great diſtreſs of Walſingham, who was his executor, it was found impoſſible to carry out the intentions of his will. Sidney's perſonal property was not ſufficient to diſcharge a third part of his debts, and the lawyers who were conſulted on the ſubject gave their opinion that the will contained no proviſion for the ſale of landed eſtates for this purpoſe. "It doth greatly afflict me," wrote Walſingham, "that a gentleman who hath lived ſo unſpotted in reputation, and had ſo great care to ſee all men ſatisfied, ſhould be ſo expoſed to the outcry of his creditors."† He paid

* An illuſtrated account of Sidney's funeral is exhibited in the King's Library of the Britiſh Muſeum.

† Bruce's Leiceſter Correſpondence.

out of his own purſe 6,000*l.*, which he could ill afford, for the diſcharge of his ſon-in-law's liabilities. His daughter was at firſt overwhelmed with care and ſorrow for her loſs. For ſome weeks ſhe remained at Utrecht, too ill to return to England. In December ſhe bore a dead child, and for a long time her life was in ſerious danger. She recovered, however, and lived to ſee another huſband taken from her by a violent death, an object of popular ſympathy, equally ſtrong, though far leſs worthy. Her ſecond huſband was Robert Devereux, Earl of Eſſex. After his execution ſhe joined the Roman Catholic religion. Some years later ſhe was married a third time, to the Earl of Clanricarde.

Elizabeth Sidney, Sir Philip's only daughter, who received from the Queen her own name, was married to the Earl of Rutland, and died at the age of thirty, without iſſue.

It is delightful to turn from theſe ſequels of Sidney's life, which are not without ſadneſs, as ſeeming to efface his bright remembrance from the world, to review the elegies which were written in his memory. The admiration and ſorrow of the Engliſh people found utterance in poetry more copious and tender, perhaps, than has ever been poured forth in lamentation for any man's death

in any nation. Oxford and Cambridge publiſhed three volumes of Latin elegiac verſe, entitled "Lachrymæ," of which two volumes were contributed by the former univerſity. King James of Scotland, by whom, in one of his laſt letters, Sidney had deſired to be held in affectionate remembrance,* ſhowed his eſteem for his deceaſed friend by Sonnets, of indifferent merit, both in Engliſh and Latin. To recite even the names of the authors, who have celebrated Sidney's praiſes in proſe and verſe, would be tedious; for the liſt, it is ſaid, might without difficulty be extended beyond 200. It includes the names of the Counteſs of Pembroke, of Spenſer, Sir Walter Raleigh, Ben Jonſon, Waller, among the poets of his own and of the next generation, beſide others of leſs note. Young, Cowper, Shelley, and Southey, in modern times, have ſwelled the catalogue of poets; while of the hiſtorians of the politics or literature of Elizabeth's reign, almoſt every one has pauſed to commemorate Sidney's excellence. Some have touched upon his name with paſſing epithets of praiſe or affection, ſuch as "the gentle," or "the all-accompliſhed." Others have ſhown the deeper appreciation of

* Murdin's Burghley Papers.

his worth, which is moſt feelingly expreſſed in the words of Camden:—"Of whom I cannot well ſay what and how much Britain augured for herſelf; but ſnatched away by untimely death, he has been received into the ſacred aſſembly of heaven."

Among the elegies which were written on Sidney's death thoſe of Spenſer claim to be ſingled out for eſpecial notice. Very few poetical records of bereaved friendſhip ſurpaſs the grace of "Aſtrophel." Under Sidney's own adopted name and favourite diſguiſe of a ſhepherd, Spenſer deſcribes his friend's perſon and character, and relates allegorically the circumſtances of his death:—

"A ſlender ſwain, excelling far each other
In comely ſhape, like her that did him breed;
He grew up faſt in goodneſs and in grace,
And doubly fair wox both in mind and face.

"Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle uſage and demeanour mild,
That all men's hearts with ſecret raviſhment
He ſtole away, and weetingly beguiled.
Nor ſpite itſelf, that all good things doth ſpill,
Found aught in him that ſhe could ſay was ill.

"His ſports were fair, his joyaunce innocent,
Sweet without ſour, and honey without gall;
And he himſelf ſeemed made for merriment,
Merrily maſking both in bower and hall.
There was no pleaſure nor delightful play
When Aſtrophel ſo ever was away.

"In wreſtling nimble, and in running ſwift,
In ſhooting ſteady, and in ſwimming ſtrong;
Well made to ſtrike, to throw, to leap, to lift,
And all the ſports that ſhepherds are among.
In every one he vanquiſhed every one;
He vanquiſhed all, and vanquiſhed was of none."

With poetical licence, his wound is repreſented as cauſed by the tuſk of a boar in hunting, and his wife's perilous grief at his death is heightened to a fatal iſſue:—

"His pallid face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with tears, and dried oft;
And with ſweet kiſſes ſucked the waſting breath
Out of his lips, like lilies pale and ſoft:
And oft ſhe called to him, who anſwered nought,
But only by his looks did tell his thought."

In deſcribing her imaginary death the poet appropriates to her the name of Stella:—

"Forthwith her ghoſt out of her corpſe did flit,
And followed her mate like turtle chaſte;
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in love ſo firmly tied.

"The gods, which all things ſee, this ſame beheld,
And, pitying this pair of lovers true,
Transformed them, there lying on the field,
Into a flower that is both red and blue:
It firſt grows red, and then to blue doth fade,
Like Aſtrophel, which thereunto was made.

" And in the midſt thereof a ſtar appears,
As fairly formed as any ſtar in ſkies;
Reſembling Stella in her freſheſt years,
Forth darting beams of beauty from her eyes;
And all the day it ſtandeth full of dew,
Which is the tears that from her eyes do flow."

But it was not only in this fantaſtic manner that Spenſer expreſſed his deep and ſincere regret. He often recurs to the theme of Sidney's virtues, in other poems. Thus, in his ſtately piece entitled " The Ruins of Time," while moralizing on the inſtability of human greatneſs, as illuſtrated by the deaths of the Earls of Leiceſter and Warwick, he takes occaſion to refer to Sidney in verſes of rare eloquence and ſweetneſs. Again, in his Sonnet to the Counteſs of Pembroke, he writes thus:—

" Remembrance of that moſt heroic ſpirit,
The heaven's pride, the glory of our days,
Which now triumpheth, through immortal merit
Of his brave virtues, crowned with laſting bays
Of heavenly bliſs and everlaſting praiſe;
Who firſt my muſe did lift out of the floor,
To ſing his ſweet delights in lowly lays;
Bids me, moſt noble lady, to adore
His goodly image, living evermore
In the divine reſemblance of your face."

The collection of Spenſer's Works includes

ſeveral other poems, by various authors, appended to the elegy of "Aſtrophel." One of theſe profeſſes to be by the Counteſs, "moſt reſembling, both in ſhape and ſpright, her brother dear," and is called "The Doleful Lay of Clorinda." It bears, however, apparent traces of Spenſer's thought and ſtyle; as, for inſtance, in the beautiful verſes which follow the queſtion concerning Sidney's ſoul, "Ay me! can ſo divine a thing be dead?"

"Ah, no! it is not dead, nor can it die,
But lives for aye in bliſsful Paradiſe:
Where, like a new-born babe, it ſoft doth lie,
In bed of lilies wrapped in tender wiſe;
And compaſſed all about with roſes ſweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet.

"There thouſand birds, all of celeſtial brood,
To him do ſweetly carol day and night,
And with ſtrange notes, of him well underſtood,
Lull him aſleep in angelic delight;
Whilſt in ſweet dreams to him preſented be
Immortal beauties, which no eye may ſee."

Next in order come two pieces of which the reputed author is Lewis Bryſkett, a valued friend of Sidney, and his companion during his Italian tour. In the former of theſe, entitled "The Mourning Muſe of Theſtylis," Sidney's laſt

moments are deſcribed with ſome degree of rugged pathos. In the latter, called "A Paſtoral Eclogue," his death is lamented under the name of Phillifides, by which Sidney refers to himſelf in his Arcadia. Another elegy follows, by an unknown author, and the ſeries is concluded by two elaborate epitaphs, the former of which is by far the beſt, and is aſcertained to be by Sir Walter Raleigh.*

An obvious feature of all theſe elegies is a ſtrain of almoſt idolatrous flattery, which has previouſly been noticed as a characteriſtic of the age. Yet, however faulty in point of truth or taſte they may appear, the genuine reſpect and love which dictated them is unqueſtionable. The veneration with which Sidney was regarded was doubtleſs increaſed by the ſplendid and tragical circumſtances of his death. Never did a mortal ſtroke appear more like the cruel work of the "blind fury with the abhorred ſhears," who "ſlits the thinſpun life" of thoſe who are about to find the fair guerdon of fame. He lived long enough to diſplay a military genius to which, in England at leaſt, there was in that day no rival. For

* Butler's "Sidneiana." From this epitaph the mottoes to Chapters I. and VII. are taken.

many years no ſucceſs had been obtained, by an Engliſh commander, of equal brilliancy and importance with the ſurpriſe of Axel; and it ſeemed that only opportunity was wanting to him to achieve ſtill greater enterpriſes. His youth added to the keenneſs of regret with which his loſs was felt. Moſt of thoſe who leave a name to poſterity have ſcarcely begun their public life, at the age when Sidney's career was brought to an end. His friends might well call his death untimely, in reſpect of his promiſe for the national ſervice; yet it was not altogether ſo if we look to the growth and perfection of his character. We may aptly quote of him the kindly words which have recently been called forth by the deceaſe of one of his race, heir alike of his name and virtues, the Chriſtian gentleman, and the ſoldier's friend:—

> "O meaſure not his life by length of days,
> His thread is fully ſpun, whom all unite to praiſe."

Sidney himſelf, being preſſed overmuch by his ſpiritual adviſers to ſay, whether he preferred to live or die, anſwered, "I do not grieve to die, and yet, to ſpeak plainly, I rather wiſh to live."* He was in the prime of phyſical vigour, when

* G. Whetſtone, in Sir A. Boſwell's Collection of rare Poems.

the nature of man has full enjoyment of life, and abandons it moſt unwillingly. He had, too, before his eyes, and under his hand, the taſk which had long loomed before him as the miſſion to which he was called. The grandeur of the conteſt with Spain had been underſtood by him with more than ordinary clearneſs. He ſaw in it nothing leſs than a national ſtruggle for Liberty, and a religious ſtruggle for Truth. With theſe deeper convictions a chivalrous love of glory intermingled. The dim proſpect of ſuch exploits as followed ſhortly after his death had filled his mind with enthuſiaſm from childhood; and he had only begun to taſte the felicity of him,—

> "who brought
> Among the taſks of real life, hath wrought
> Upon the plan that pleaſed his boyiſh thought."

Had his life been ſpared but a little while, he would have had an opportunity of joining with his friends in ſome of the moſt ſplendid achievements recorded in Engliſh hiſtory. He might have chaſed the Armada with Drake, and ſhared the fame of the capture of Cadiz with Raleigh and Eſſex.

Yet his early death removed him beyond the reach of worldly taint and corruption, and he

eſcaped the ruin which befel ſeveral of the greateſt of his contemporaries. Moreover, the very accident, which cut ſhort his dreams of fame, gave to him an occaſion of winning, far otherwiſe than he had conceived, a peerleſs rank in Chriſtian knighthood. A juſt but happy deſtiny has aſſociated for ever the name of Sidney with the anecdote of the wounded ſoldier. Neither hiſtory nor fiction contains any more beautiful example of the charity which the Goſpel teaches. Yet the act was ſimply characteriſtic. Other men have lived who might have done the ſame, with more deliberate and continuous ſelf-denial; but in Sidney's life this incident has a peculiar propriety, which leads one, in contemplating it, not ſo much to wonder, as to ſay, "How like him!" Among Chriſtian worthies—and the foregoing narrative is a ground for applying this title to him—Sidney is diſtinguiſhed by large and refined ſympathy. At the Auſtrian Court, abridging his meſſage of condolence out of regard for the Empreſs's ſorrow; at home, refraining to viſit Burleigh for fear that his preſence ſhould recall ſad memories; conciliating the ſuſceptible tempers of poets and men of letters, and retaining their univerſal love; in the Netherlands, pleading, at the peril of royal diſpleaſure, on behalf of his

poor ſoldiers; everywhere he ſhows the ſame exquiſite ſenſibility for others. Many delicate touches in his writings, which would be marred by quotation, no leſs than the importunity which fills his correſpondence, illuſtrate this virtue, which, however ſpontaneous it might ſeem in him, flowed from its true ſource of love to God in Chriſt. "He made the religion he profeſſed the firm baſis of his life."

The completeneſs of Sidney's character is alſo remarkable. He bears to be regarded, like a well-executed ſtatue, from all ſides. Many good men are in compariſon like pictures, admirable when ſeen from one point of view, but having no other aſpect which claims attention. Their biographies are in conſequence merely ſelections from their lives, of thoſe things which friendſhip would wiſh to hold in remembrance, with the omiſſion of much that is eſſential: ſo that ſometimes the reader hardly knows them again, as they appear in the hiſtory of their contemporaries. Such partial memoirs, where vital points of character are ſuppreſſed, miſs the general end of biography, which is not to magnify individuals, but to compare humanity, as it is, with the image of God which is its perfection. But the effect of a candid repreſentation is to make men ſeem worſe

than they really are, a diſadvantage to which Sidney is more expoſed than moſt, both from his frankneſs and from his verſatility. He lived with his heart open to the world; and his fervid ſpirit led him into almoſt every form of trial that can befall a man. Soldier, ſtateſman, diplomatiſt, courtier, lover, poet, ſcholar, philoſopher, he is liable to criticiſm from every quarter where temptation is ſtrongeſt and nature is moſt frail. To paſs through ſuch an ordeal unſcathed would argue ſuperhuman virtue. It is much, under ſuch circumſtances, to live unpolluted by the darker ſpots of ſin, and to increaſe with increaſing years in devotion and purity of ſoul. Some who, with no more excuſe, have fallen into guilt where Sidney receded, have notwithſtanding been enrolled among the ſaints. And if his chivalrous renown ſhould be turned to his diſpraiſe, as ſeeming inconſiſtent with the title of ſanctity, the true nature of the ſpirit of chivalry muſt be remembered. It was a ſuperſtition, blended of Chriſtian and alien elements, which played in public life a ſimilar part to that which was filled by monaſticiſm in retirement. Through ages of darkneſs and ferocity chivalry preſerved the virtues of ſelf-denial, mercy, and gentleneſs. Like monaſticiſm, it became obſolete in the advance

of civilization, and its abuſes increaſed as its good influence declined: but it was a living ſpirit in the days of Sidney, and in no one does chivalry look more fair. Upon the whole, he may be ſaid to come near to the ideal of an Engliſhman. His firſt principle was the love of truth, and what he ſeemed, he was to the very heart. He was a genuine patriot, a loyal lover of freedom, a brave and a wiſe gentleman; and while he was a type of what is nobleſt in his age and nation, his qualities were ſuch as have marked the greateſt and beſt men in all times.

PAMELA'S PRAYER.

Arcadia, Book III. See p. 96.

ALL-SEEING Light, and eternal Life of all things, to whom nothing is either ſo great that it may reſiſt, or ſo ſmall that it is contemned: look upon my miſery with thine eye of mercy, and let thine infinite power vouchſafe to limit out ſome proportion of deliverance unto me, as to thee ſhall ſeem moſt convenient. Let not injury, O Lord, triumph over me, and let my faults by thy hand be corrected, and make not mine enemy the miniſter of thy juſtice. But yet, O God, if, in thy wiſdom, this be the apteſt chaſtiſement for my inexcuſable folly; if this low bondage be fitteſt for my over-high deſires; if the pride of my not enough humble heart be thus to be broken, O Lord, I yield unto thy will, and joyfully embrace what ſorrow thou wilt have me to ſuffer. Only thus much let me crave of thee, —let my craving, O Lord, be accepted of thee, ſince even that proceeds from thee,—let me crave (even by the nobleſt title which in my great affliction I may give myſelf, that I am thy creature; and by thy goodneſs, which is thyſelf) that thou wilt ſuffer ſome beam of thy Majeſty to ſhine into my mind, that it may ſtill depend confidently on thee. Let calamity be the exerciſe, but not the overthrow of my virtue: let their

power prevail, but prevail not to deſtruction. Let my greatneſs be their prey; let my pain be the ſweetneſs of their revenge; let them (if ſo ſeem good unto thee) vex me with more and more puniſhment. But, O Lord, let never their wickedneſs have ſuch a hand, but that I may carry a pure mind in a pure body!"

(From a Collection of rare Poems privately printed by Sir Alexander Boſwell.)

A COMMEMORATION OF THE GENERAL MOAN, AND THE HONOURABLE AND SOLEMN FUNERAL MADE FOR THE WORTHY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KT., BY B. W. ESQ.

WHEN winter's bitter blaſt the trees began to bare,
Sweet Sidney ſlain, down fell our hope and pillar of welfare.
He was the riſing ſun, that made all England glad;
He was the light and life of thoſe that any virtues had;
He was the Muſes' joy, he was Bellona's ſhield,
Within the town he was a lamb, a lion in the field.
His life bewrayed a love that matched Curtius' zeal,
His death, no leſs contempt of death, to ſerve the common weal.
No gift nor grace there was, but in his virtues ſhined,
His worth, more worth than Flanders' wealth, now by his loſs we find.
For when his ſacred ſoul did forth his body fly,
Ten thouſand ſhrieks purſued the ſame into the ſtarry ſky:
The ſtouteſt ſoldiers, then, ſhowed feminine diſplay,
And with their tears did waſh his wound that brought him to decay.

Some kiſſed his breathleſs mouth, where wiſdom flowed at will;
Some raiſed his head that lately was the treaſure-houſe of ſkill.
Where truth and courage lived, his noble heart, ſome felt;
Some laid their hands upon his breaſt, where all the virtues dwelt.
Some eyed his cloſen eyes, that watched the poor man's need,
And when they did unwrap his thigh, his wound did make them bleed.
"O honour dearly bought!" they cried, and moaned this chance,
So ſtroke his hand, and ſaid, "Farewell, thou glory of the lance!"
Outcries ſoon ſpread his death, the moan ran far and near,
What was he then, that mourned not the doleful news to hear?
The King of Scots bewrayed his grief in learned verſe,
And many more their paſſions penned, with praiſe to deck his hearſe.
The Fluſhingers made ſuit his breathleſs corpſe to have,
And offered a ſumptuous tomb the ſame for to engrave;
But oh! his loving friends at their requeſt did grieve,
It was too much he loſt his life, his corſe they ſhould not have.
And ſo from Fluſhing port, in ſhip attired with black,
They did embark this perfect knight, that only breath did lack;
The wind and ſeas did mourn to ſee this heavy ſight,
And into Thames did carry this much lamented knight;
Unto the Minories his body was conveyed,
And then under a martial hearſe three months or more was laid;
But when the day was come he to his grave muſt go,
An hoſt of heavy men repaired to ſee the ſolemn ſhow:
The poor whom he, good knight, did often clothe and feed,
In freſh remembrance of their woe, went firſt in mourning weed.

His friends and ſervants ſad was thought a heavy ſight,
Who fixed their eyes upon the ground which now muſt houſe their knight.
To hear the drum and fife ſend forth a doleful ſound,
To ſee his colours, late advanced, lie trailing on the ground,
Each ornament of war thus out of order borne,
Did pierce ten thouſand hearts with grief, which were not named to mourn.
Some marked the great diſmay that charged his martial band,
And how ſome horſemen walked on foot, with battle-axe in hand.
Some told the mourning cloaks his gentlemen did wear,
What knights and captains were in gowns, and what the heralds bare;
Some marked his ſtately horſes how they hung down their head,
As if they mourned for their knight that followed after dead.
But when his noble corſe in ſolemn wiſe paſſed by,
"Farewell the worthieſt knight that lived!" the multitude did cry;
"Farewell, that honoured art by laurel and the lance!
"Farewell the friend beloved of all, that hadſt no foe but chance!"
His ſolemn funeral, beſeeming his eſtate,
Was by the heralds marſhalled, the more to mourn his fate.
Three Earls and other Lords, the Holland States in black,
With all their train, then followed; and that no love might lack,
The Mayor and Aldermen in purple robes then mourned,
And laſt a band of citizens, with weapons awkward turned,
In ſolemn wiſe did bring this knight unto the ground;
Who being then beſtowed at reſt, their laſt adieu to ſound,
Two vollies of brave ſhot they thundered to the ſkies;
And thus his funeral did end with many weeping eyes;

Upon whoſe monument in letters writ with gold
This epitaph deſerves to be, for all men to behold.

Of the moſt worthy and hardy knight, Sir Philip Sidney,

THE EPITAPH.

Here underneath lies PHILIP SIDNEY, Knight,
True to his Prince, learned, ſtaid, and wiſe,
Who loſt his life in honourable fight,
Who vanquiſhed death, in that he did deſpiſe
To live in pomp by others brought to paſs,
Which oft he termed a diamond ſet in braſs.

THE END.

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